The Bystander, September 7, 1921 No. 927. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE LANDING STAGE

"GAIRLOCH" GEORGE: "Hurry up with the gaff!—quick!"

"DEADLOCK" DE VALERA: "*Why* hurry?—shure, but it's grand sport, it is, *watchin'* yez play it!"

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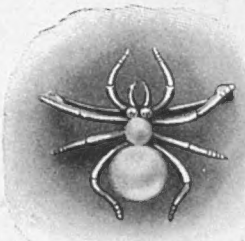

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

By Victor Hicks

Four pounds a week For the unemployed ! — **A smack in the eye For Australia—** — **Theatrical boom Chaplin here soon** — **"Pogo" and nothing Will ail you**

Advantage of the Superfluous Woman

Why is it that male commentators seem to be, for the most part, so perturbed about the excess of women over men revealed by the recent Census ? The women themselves, so far as I can see, are quite philosophical about it. This being so, I can see no reason for men professing any anxiety about the matter. For them, indeed, it should be a matter of self-congratulation. Do these men think that they would be more comfortable, or better off in any way, in a country where women were in a considerable minority ? If so, let me assure them that they are making a great mistake. The individual importance of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson is enormously enhanced by what they so fatuously speak of as the " superfluity " of women.

"Lords of Creation"

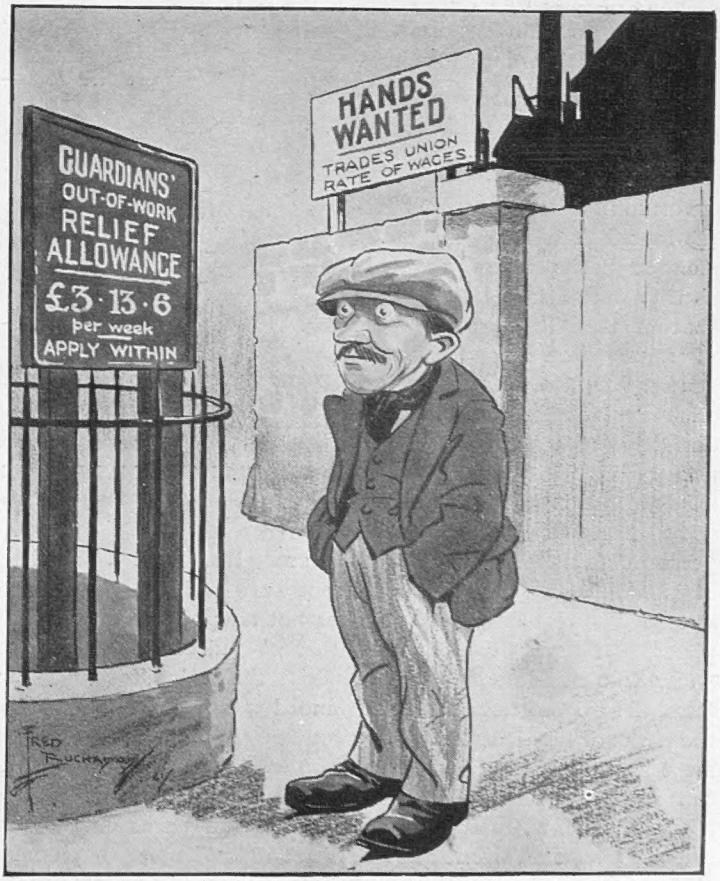
How many of our Smiths, Browns, Joneses and Robinsons would be left to languish as wall-flowers in the ballroom of life if they were obliged strenuously to compete with the whole male world for the favour of one fair member of a small female minority ? Believe me that lots of us who still flatter ourselves as being among the " Lords of Creation " would, in such conditions, have little of our " lordliness " left to us. As things are, we may still claim that Nature deems the male Briton as worthy of some margin of choice in this important matter. Nature, I see, is considerate in this way also to Belgium, France, and Italy—all allies in the Great War. But for a generation preceding the War she had been gradually depriving the males of the Central Empires, Germany and Austria-Hungary, of this privilege. In them the proportion of males to females was steadily rising.

The Best Women

It is obvious that the healthy perpetuation of a race depends upon an ample female population. In their early days the ancient Romans had to help themselves from their conquered foes. Our way is better—let us have our own women, and lots of them. They are the best in the world.

The Ubiquitous Scot

Another mistake that some people are making in their consideration of the Census figures is to wonder or lament over the small increase of the population of Scotland during the last ten years. In Scotland the intercensal rate of increase has been only 2.5 per cent., the smallest that has yet occurred in Scotland. I am sure that if anyone dared reprove a Scot with this the answer would be prompt and convincing. I can neither speak nor write Scotch, but I fancy that in English it would be something to this effect. Are there any statistics to show how many Scots have crossed the border to take over important posts and generally raise the standard of efficiency and intelligence in England during the last ten years ? How many young Scots have they raised south of the Tweed in that time, of whom you now



By Fred Buchanan

WHY WORK ?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

boast as your own "increase." The population of the County and City of London has decreased by over 38,000 in the last ten years—by how many would it have decreased but for us Scots?

Scotland Has No National Language?

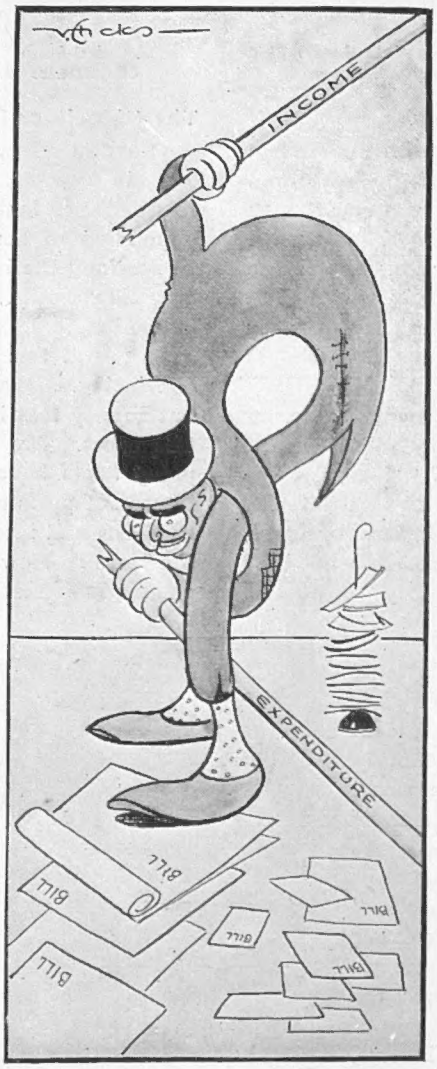
WHAT could the Prime Minister have been thinking about the other day when he said that Scotland had no national language? He might as well have said that she had no national beverage. True, the latter is better known and more widely spread than the former. But I know quite a number of Scots—all living in London—who spoke Gaelic before they learned English. I have heard them talking it together, and, strange as it seemed, they evidently understood one another.

Solution to the Irish Puzzle!

NOW, the Census tells us, there are over 10,000 people in Scotland who speak Gaelic only, and over 150,000 who speak both Gaelic and English. I wonder how many Irish can speak Erse? If the ability to do so were made a qualification for "self-determination," I fancy the Irish Republic could set up business on a fairly small farm and might support itself by the prices charged to tourists for admission to see the interesting side-show. Another way out of the great difficulty!

Poor Old Dad!

SOMEONE who has seen "barefooted adults" in many London parks writes about it as if it were a new fashion, like that of the "hatless brigade" of some years ago, that has caught "even the fathers." In Richmond Park, a "father of perfectly orthodox appearance was reading a novel in the shade of a tree." His shoes were "in an accompanying perambulator." Other examples are given, and of them all it said "they do not care a boot-button who else does or who does not adopt their plan." "Caught even the fathers," indeed!—"care who else does or does not adopt their plan," forsooth! Does not this light-minded wanderer in the parks of London realise what he has seen? Let me tell him. It is the fathers of the New Poor who can no longer afford to waste boot-leather in their leisure moments, which they spend in the parks because the grass, burnt as it is, is not so hard upon their feet as the golf course they once might enjoy. The shade of a tree and a cheap novel must now take the place of boot destroying delights. And what a story that "accompanying perambulator" tells! A story of no nursemaid and father being useful on his half-holiday!



BY VICTOR HICKS

WHY TALK ABOUT PERFORMING ANIMALS?
Study of a man in the street endeavouring to make both ends meet

The Unemployment Crime

THE reasons for this are not far to seek. More and more of them are thrust painfully upon our notice every day. The Islington Guardians have adopted a new scale of poor relief, "by which many families will receive a larger weekly income than if the head of the household were fully employed." Camberwell has followed suit, other districts are even more generous. An Islingtonian unemployed, by remaining so, may draw £3 13*s.* 6*d.* per week.

The Ratepaying Fathers

HOW can employment compete with unemployment on such terms? Is it any wonder that ratepaying fathers spare their boots on their off days as much as possible by walking and sitting barefoot in the parks? "The Angel" at Islington, I believe, has gone. If she is "sitting aloft" looking after anyone it would seem to be the unemployed rather than the ratepayers who command her services.

A Harvest Offering

WHETHER the following touching incident has appeared in the London papers or not, I do not know, but it is certainly worthy to be rescued from the country paper in which I saw it. I ought really to send it to the *Spectator*. Here it is: "A remarkable incident occurred at Morley St. Botolph Church on Saturday. The church was being decorated for the harvest thanksgiving service, to be held on the following day, and in the midst of the work a hen from a neighbouring farm came in and laid her egg in the church on a sheaf of corn." What a hen!

Ladies Compartments

I NOTICE that several railway companies have revived the "Ladies Compartments" on most of their services. In the old pre-War times these were very well patronised, and it was just as common to see members of the fair sex patronising them as it was unusual to see a lady in a compartment labelled "smoking," the latter label, apparently, being indicative in those days of a reserved carriage for the male sex.

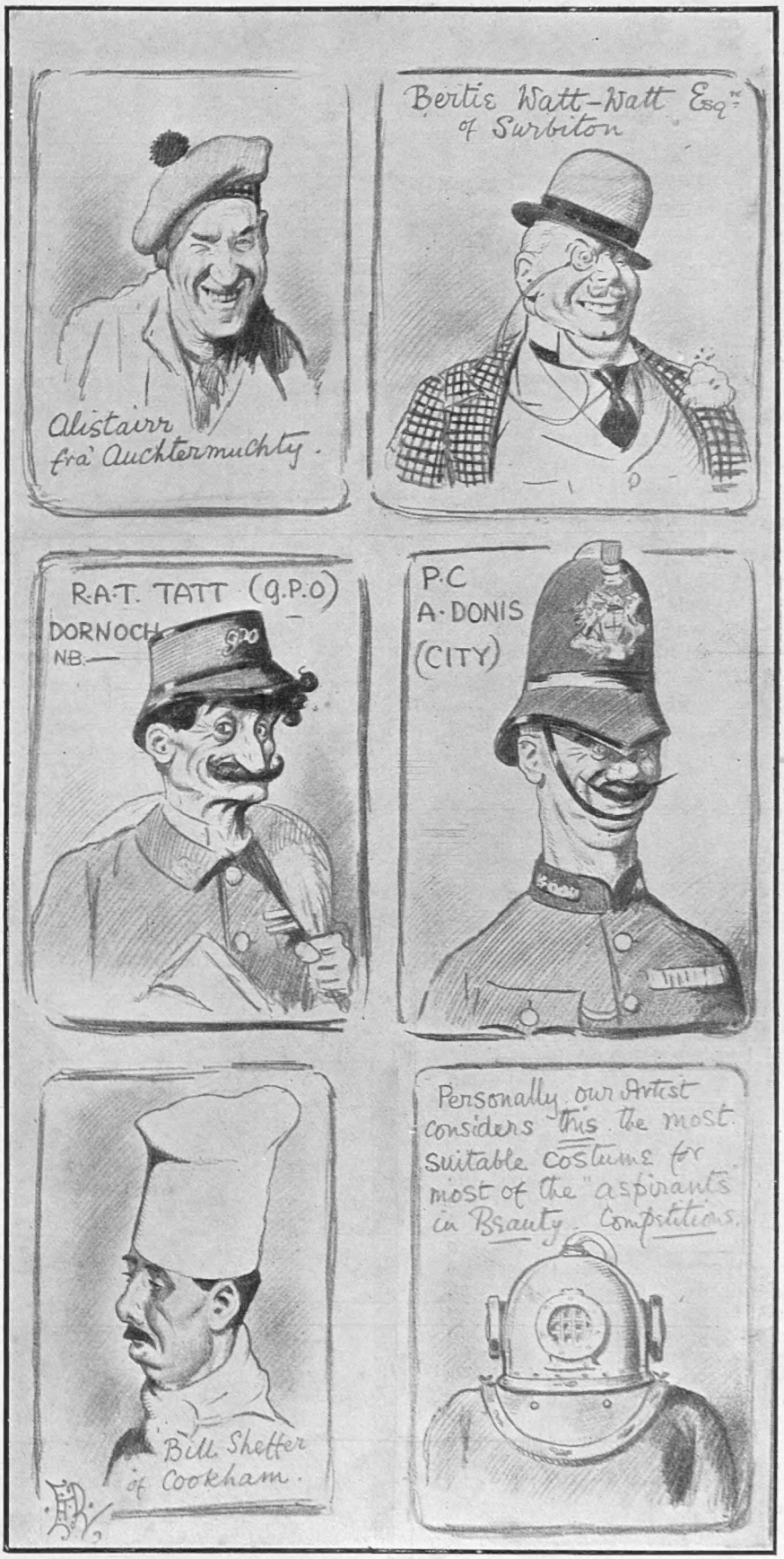
"Reserved for Gentlemen"

Now, however, the poor male traveller, although barred from this or that compartment, has nowhere to hide his head with his own kind, and the "fair" sex privileges are often either not taken advantage of at all, or badly abused. I recently had occasion to travel to London from a coast town, and, entering an empty smoker, placed my hat in a corner seat and departed to attend to my luggage. When I returned the said smoking compartment was full—of ladies. Incidentally, my hat had been removed to another seat. And yet there were compartments on that train reserved for ladies. Not exactly "equality of sexes" this, is it? If it is necessary to sort people out so carefully on the railway why not do the job thoroughly and add compartments "Reserved for Gentlemen"?

The Duke Arrives

A CERTAIN Duke went down to the local hotel of a well-known West of England summer resort, to spend the week-end a few weeks ago. He arrived—with a friend, and a few minutes afterwards a precocious young infant of fourteen or so danced into the lounge and announced to her party assembled at tea that "she had seen the Duke's valet carrying his Grace's portmanteau in from the car." At 7 p.m. the forty or fifty visitors turned out *en masse* at dinner in their most immaculate boiled shirts, their silkiest of bibs and tuckers, according to sex. His Grace and his friend, down for a couple of days' *holiday*, appeared in comfortable tweeds, knickerbockers, and—flannel collars! But the most surprised of all that large assembly was the small child who had announced the Duke's arrival. For there, in voice and manner and personality unconsciously betraying the fact of his exalted station, was her "valet"—the Duke himself!

Another "Beauty Competition"—For Men



By E. T. Reed

It seems a pity that the "loveliness" evoked by the "Town v. Country" Beauty Competition should not be matched by a series of portraits of male "aspirants" calculated to harmonise in charm and social distinction with the female ones referred to

Photograph *Sport and General*

OFF FOR THE DAY

Some of the guests of Lord Inverclyde's house party setting off for a new beat on Home Moor Cove, Dumbarton, Lord Inverclyde's shoot

Photograph *Sport and General*

"MINE HOST"

Lord Inverclyde, who is entertaining at his house, Hartfield Cove, Dumbartonshire, for the partridge shooting. Lord Inverclyde is a bachelor, and a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The "Emptiness" of London

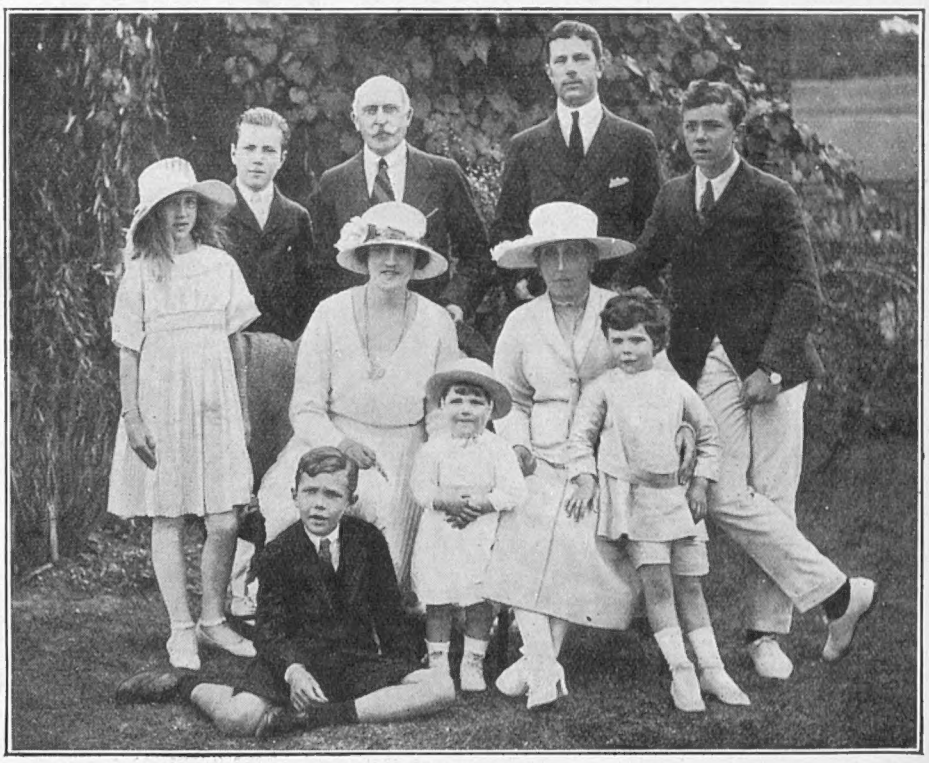
I WAS reading an article the other day written upon the "emptiness" of London—the London that is of Mayfair and Belgravia. According to the writer the tradespeople in these regions were doleful for lack of customers, and in the majority of houses the only living creature was a forsaken cat.

But throughout the whole of this season some of our most aristocratic streets and squares have had the appearance they used to have only in August and September. House after house was either to be sold or let, or else shut up because its owners could not afford the expense of opening it even for a brief season of six weeks. So, "empty" as that part of the world may be now, it is actually not very much emptier than it was during June.

If things don't mend I wonder what will happen to the houses—just say, for example, in Belgrave or Grosvenor Squares. Big fortunes are not being made so very rapidly in these times, and, with matters industrial as they stand now, I can't for the life of me see where the newly rich who would be attracted by the address are to spring from, that is, of course, in equal proportion to the number of the old order who are being forced to give up such abodes.

Shall We Come to This?

PERHAPS some day soon a suggestion that was proposed a few years ago will have to be carried out. You took a row of houses, knocked down all the parti-walls between the back-rooms on the ground floor to make a common dining-room. In the basement you made one big central kitchen. Then you let each house to a family, with the exception of the top floor, and ran the whole row on the lines of service flats, providing servants,



Photograph *Alex. Corbett*

A ROYAL GROUP

A new portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught with the Crown Prince of Sweden and his family, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, and Lady Patricia Ramsay and her little son, taken at Bagshot recently

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY PHYLLIS HERVEY AND CAPTAIN DUNCAN MACRAE

Whose engagement was recently announced. Captain Duncan MacRae is in the Seaforth Highlanders. Lady Phyllis Hervey is the younger daughter of the Marquis of Bristol

meals and all the domestic etceteras. The top floor bedrooms of the row of houses would be for the servants. There's a good deal to recommend this scheme if you think about it. But when you think of the rent you have to pay for a pokey service flat what would the rent of a whole house be ?

Under What Name?

THE marriage of Princess Xenia, daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, to Mr. Leeds, the son of Princess Christopher of Greece (formerly Mrs. Leeds), is to take place some time this month in Paris. Everybody is wondering how the bride will be styled after her marriage — still "Princess Xenia" or "Mrs. Leeds?" There are no titles in Greece, so she can't be created a countess, as would have been the case in Germany or Austria before the War. If she becomes "Mrs. Leeds," Princess Xenia will be following the example of an aunt of the late ex-Kaiserin, who married a German doctor and insisted on being called "Frau Doktor."

Now That September's Here

MOST of the Dukes, our two leading Generals, Lord Haig and Lord Allenby, the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, and temporal peers in plenty, are making holiday in Scotland. Partridges and oysters have come in, but you won't be able to have drink with your supper after the play because none of the restaurants will have had time to give the necessary legal notice to the licensing magistrates. Some of the rules and regulations certainly seem to have been framed for the express purpose of nullifying each other. However, if you only choose the right district to live in you can, apparently, draw almost as much as you could earn without doing any work at all. Only you must be careful to choose your Board of Guardians.

On Premonitions

THE American Ambassador's conviction that something was happening to the ill-fated R38 on the afternoon of its destruction, a conviction so strong that he could not continue his game of croquet, recalls to my

Photograph *Speaight, Ltd.*

MISS NESTA DONNE PHILIPPS

The beautiful daughter of Sir Owen and Lady Philipps, of Chelsea House, Cadogan Place, whose marriage to the Hon. George Coventry, elder son of Lord and Lady Deerhurst, and a grandson of the Earl of Coventry, takes place next Saturday week, September 17, at Carmarthen

Photograph E. O. Hoppé

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

BRIDES-TO-BE

MISS JOAN HAGUE COOK

Whose engagement to Captain C. W. G. H. Codrington, of the 19th Hussars, only son of Sir Gerald Codrington, Bart., has just been announced. His fiancée is the daughter of Mrs. Hague Cook and sister-in-law of Viscount Long's son, the Hon. Eric Long

MISS ETHEL CHANCE

The daughter of Colonel Sir Arthur and Lady Chance, of Merrion Square, Dublin, whose marriage to Mr. Ralph Gordon Crimmins, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arthur Crimmins, of Boston, U.S.A., takes place in the very near future

Photograph Central News

PRETTY NAVAL WEDDING

Commander A. D. W. Smith, R.N., and his bride, Miss Phyllis Una Dreyer—elder daughter of Captain Frederick C. Dreyer, C.B., C.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Dreyer—leaving St. Mary's Church, Alverstoke, under an archway of brother-officers' swords, after their wedding last week. Captain Dreyer is Director of Gunnery at the Admiralty, and was Captain of the "Iron Duke" at the Battle of Jutland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. G. Jellicoe, Rector of Alresford, brother of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

ACTRESS'S MARRIAGE

A charming portrait of Miss Nellie Briercliffe' the well-known singer, who has played a great deal in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Her marriage to Captain Thirlwall Philipson, the third son of the late Mr. Roland Philipson, of Tynmouth, Northumberland, and of Mrs. Philipson, of Green Street, took place yesterday, September 6, at St. Mary Bourne, Hants.

mind a strange story, told to me some years ago by a man whom I will call X.

X was one of a large party in a country-house. When the company was going into dinner on the night of his arrival his hostess explained that he must go in alone, as the lady he should have taken down—an heiress in her thirties, of great circumstance, and a friend of his — had missed her train and would be late. When they were half-way through dinner the lady arrived and took the empty chair next to X. Soup was placed before her, then the butler came with the sherry decanter.

X heard a gasping "Oh!" and, turning, saw the lady shrinking back in her chair, and so white that he thought she was going to faint.

In answer to his anxious enquiries she protested that she was not ill. "It is that man!" she said. "It is too odd and terrifying!" Beyond this, X could get nothing out of her, but he noticed that every time the butler came to her side she shrank down into her chair.

Later, in the drawing-room, X asked her why she was so terrified by the butler. She was a calm, evenly balanced woman, so much so that X was astonished by what he thought was an attack of nerves. This was the story.

A WELL-KNOWN PRODUCER

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche, who have just returned from a cruise to Norway on board the R.M.S.P. boat, "Avon." Mr. Asche will once again take up the reins of management in a forthcoming production at His Majesty's Theatre

The Face in the Dream

ON several successive nights she had dreamt she was lying in bed and that a man was bending over her. His face was absolutely distinct, and in his hand he held her diamond necklace, which was of an unusual pattern and great value. Every time she had this dream she had wakened with a sensation of overpowering fear.

Photograph *Barratt*

THE WEST SOMERSET SENIOR POLO WINNERS

At the West Somerset Polo Club's ground at Dunster Lawns, near Minehead, the Senior Cup Tournament Final was contested recently. The winning team, who won by 14 goals to 2, from left to right: Mr. T. Murray, Capt. Maurice Kingscote, Mr. Stanley Barton and Captain L. H. Shedden (back)

When the butler came to her at dinner she could not restrain her horror when she saw that his was the face she had seen so clearly in these repeated dreams.

X was so impressed that during the evening he made tactful enquiries about the man. He found that the butler of the house was ill and that a job butler had been engaged from London to take his place. He had arrived at the house only a few hours before dinner.

As for the lady, she said she dreaded going to bed.

X pointed out that if she locked her door she would be quite safe, and he promised to sit up in his own room until two o'clock.

At about half-past one he heard stealthy movements in the corridor, and flung open his door. The butler, an electric torch in his left hand, was pushing a long piece of pin-like steel into the keyhole of the door opposite!

Immediately the man scuttled down the corridor. The next morning the host and hostess were lamenting his inexplicable disappearance from the house.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE PREMIER À CHEVAL

Mr. Lloyd George is recuperating at the home of his one-time political antagonist, the Duke of Atholl, and is here seen deer-stalking over the mountains near Blair Castle, his pony being led by his host. The party eventually reached the summit of Ben Dearg, which is only twenty-four feet lower than Mount Snowdon

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE DEER-STALKERS

Some of the Duke of Atholl's party about to return home on their mounts. Mr. Lloyd George, the Duke of Atholl next him, Major Greenlees, Lord Riddell, in overcoat, and Sir Malcolm Ramsay on extreme right

SYBIL THORNDIKE IN GRAND GUIGNOL

Seven long years, and she never woke, her children died, her husband aged ; when the light came there was nothing to live for and she herself drifted into the Great Unknown

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *September* 5

DEAR COUSIN—

NOT sure September isn't really, after all, the loveliest of all the months here in England now, or anytime, for that matter. And especially, perhaps, this year of years, with its summer of summers, full measure and pressed down almost to overflowing, till we've very nearly had a positive surfeit of heat and sunshine and rainless days—if such a thing could ever be.

卐 卐

AUTUMN. . . . Sometimes, I suppose, it seems a time of sadness. A time when the year has passed its zenith and begins the downward journey towards its close. When the leaves begin to be tinted with yellow and purple, the days to draw in, and all Nature to prepare itself for its winter death.

卐 卐

BUT, after all, it *is* a beautiful time, isn't it? *And* restful. The riotously joyous, glaring, staring colours of summer may have gone, but in their place there are all the rich, wonderful hues of peaceful September, the golden days and silver nights caressed by soft breezes, the gentle rains that this year, as never before, are welcomed by even the maddest and most hardened devotee of what someone's called "the games existence."

"Patches of green appearing on our lawns"

卐 卐

THEY *have* their sadnesses, these days of autumn, when—

Across the scented garden of my dreams
Where roses grew, Time passes like a thief. . . .
And on cold winds the petals float away
That were the pride of June and her array.

The parting of summer, as of everything else, is always a little tinged with grief:

Partir, c'est toujours un peu mourir,

whether it's people or seasons that we have to lose for a time. But even the winter that one sees approaching as in a glass darkly, still miles and miles away, isn't a death, come to think of it, but just a sleep. And there's still all the lovely autumn ahead of us.

卐 卐

LOVELIER than ever, too, now, as I say, because of how they've really rather overdone it this time in the way of summers. Quite a relief, really, to see, anyway, patches of green appearing on our lawns—even if we haven't been watering them secretly and surreptitiously like the profiteers and people who don't bother about the public weal or any of that sort of rot—what? And even if they *are* fined, are rather proud, if anything, of being able to hand out the necessary amount of Fishers, or more, without any sort of hesitation or delay!

IN a way, I suppose, the peace of September's rather like the peace of marriage, after—oh! by the way, appears I've got into most frightful trouble over my last letter to you (do you remember?) all about getting engaged and honeymoons and things. Seems quite lots and lots of people thought it was about *me*, 'stead of—well, you know who.

卐 卐

"OH, Blanchette," writes one ex-gunnerman, now a leading light in a brewing firm or something, "surely *you* haven't deserted us, have you, too, and joined the faithful but boring ranks of the Benedicks, or Beatrices, or whatever you call it? Not that one *ought* to be surprised at it for a moment, of course, I mean. . . . And there are plenty of *us*. . . . But, anyway, we did *hope*. . . ." Dots, and lots more dots.

卐 卐

NO, it wasn't me—not yet, anyway. Couldn't be *quite* so selfish, could one, just at the present juncture, even if the two million alleged superfluous females *have* been proved by the Census to be only one and three-quarters after all? Besides, *much* too expensive to be married nowadays, isn't it, what with the higher prices of licenses and banns and things, not to mention honeymoons?

卐 卐

BUT talking of September, it is rather a time of rest, isn't it? After all the hot glare of summer, it's rather like going in for one of those delightful

"When the leaves begin to be tinted with yellow"

rest-cures at a nursing home where you've nothing to do but eat and sleep, and aren't allowed to do anything else even if you want to. Where you're safely tucked up about ten at latest, and wake up to your early morning cup of tea about half-past six, and then read peacefully in bed till eight, when the momentous event of breakfast occurs, with all the nice but not too disturbingly thrilling excitement of wondering whether it will be fish this time, or kidneys, or just the immemorial British matutinal meal of bacon and eggs.

卐 卐

And afterwards, having been washed and put tidy without doing a single hand's turn for yourself—oh, blessed sensation—you just lie and read or write or dream, wearing your most becoming cap (in case of visitors), with masses of roses from anxious inquirers on the table by your bedside, and the sun shining softly through the wide-open window, and no worries or duties or responsibilities in the world . . . till the dreaded and longed-for moment when they're going to let you get up again!

"Thousands of workers only just starting on their holidays"

卐 卐

Happy days . . . only the worst of it is one doesn't ever quite realise it at the time. As some one says, "The rarest thing of all is the knowledge and consciousness of happiness." It's only when you look back that you find out if, when, how, and why you've been happy. And somehow you can never quite do it the same way over again, however hard you try.

卐 卐

London, though, defies all the laws of nature, and even though masses of world's workers are still only just starting on their holidays, and Harrogate and Dinard and places are crowded to the very brim, already there are signs of the usual autumn revival in the great metropolis. The Court, of course, is staying up at Balmoral till the end of the month, and the Highland Gathering season is in full swing, with pibrochs and tossing the caber (whatever that may be) and all the rest of it. Scotland, in fact, is simply packed with immigrants from the south, bent on the destruction of the nimble partridge (strong on the wing and free from disease), and airing their kilts (if any) in the strong, clean, wine-like air of the moors.

卐 卐

His Majesty's faithful Commons, too, aren't meeting again to settle the world's affairs till well on in October, whatever dirty work may be doing in Ireland or India or Germany or anywhere else. But in Town, though Mayfair may be deserted and Bond Street and Curzon Street an abomination of desolation, things begin to stir again a little, and at the theatres, for instance, there were five *premières* last week and four to come this. And already we are starting to talk of the opera that may, perhaps, give a send-off to the autumn Season next month.

"Much too expensive to be married nowadays"

卐 卐

By the way, it's really officially ended, I believe, after at least one false alarm—the Great War, I mean. Very nearly tired of hearing about it, some of us, aren't we? But . . . just a year ago, I remember, Lord Haig was appealing for some two hundred thousand or so of the men who fought in it, and who hadn't yet got employment. Seemed rather a lot at the time, but, of course, one felt that they'd be sure to be fixed up soon, after the letter he wrote.

卐 卐

Well . . . now, a year later, somehow he's had to issue yet another appeal, and this time it's "over a million ex-Service men" who want work! Are our memories, I wonder, getting even *worse* as time goes on?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Prawning

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A SEASIDE SILHOUETTE

By Victor Hicks

NOT AT 3 A.M.

"Isn't it pleasant to see a light in the window as you draw near home?"

THE LAST LAP

[*Describing an impending fashion an expert states: "There is not much more than a belt."*]

WHEN heat-waves are thoroughly tropical,
And doughtiest dowagers melt,
Dame Fashion—incurably topical—
Decrees a *mode* more microscopical
Whose backbone is barely a belt.

So Woman, invertebrate minion,
Advances according to plan;
For whether a stout or a skinny 'un
She flouts uninstructed opinion
And tries to keep up with the van.

With really alarming rapidity
She approaches the acme of *flair*—
In time she will doff all timidity
And don with becoming avidity
Her Grandmother Eve's "EDEN-WEAR!"

E. L. ROBERTS

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

THE cream of the Irish question seems to be "Separation!"

* * * *

"MANY homes," says an expert, "are miserable simply because the wives have not learned how to run a home." Several henpecked husbands write us that theirs are miserable simply because their wives have not learned how to run *away* from home!

* * * *

"A DIP in the sea," says a daily, "costs 10*s*. per head in New York." Our Long Island correspondent cables that he has always admired the determined manner in which Scottish bathers manage to keep their heads above water!

THE Bolshevik Commissary of Education has ordered the suppression of all fairy stories. We understand, however, that Lenin's official *communiqués* will be issued as usual.

* * * *

"FIRE on Liner—Smuts on Board." . . . Headline. Naturally!

* * * *

8,000 canal boats, although they appear on the register, have not been heard of since the War. The authorities incline to the opinion that the high cost of water has compelled them to migrate.

* * * *

"NOT unusually, when a boy washes his neck without being told, it is a sign of his first love affair," says a daily. We fear that our office boy is a confirmed misogynist.

* * * *

WE are informed that it is *not* permissible to write on a postcard, "Enclosed please find cheque in settlement of my account," even if it *does* bear a 1½*d*. stamp

* * * *

"CLERGYMEN," says one of them, "besides being preachers, should be healers." At present, we fear, from a financial viewpoint, too many of them are merely down-at-heelers.

* * * *

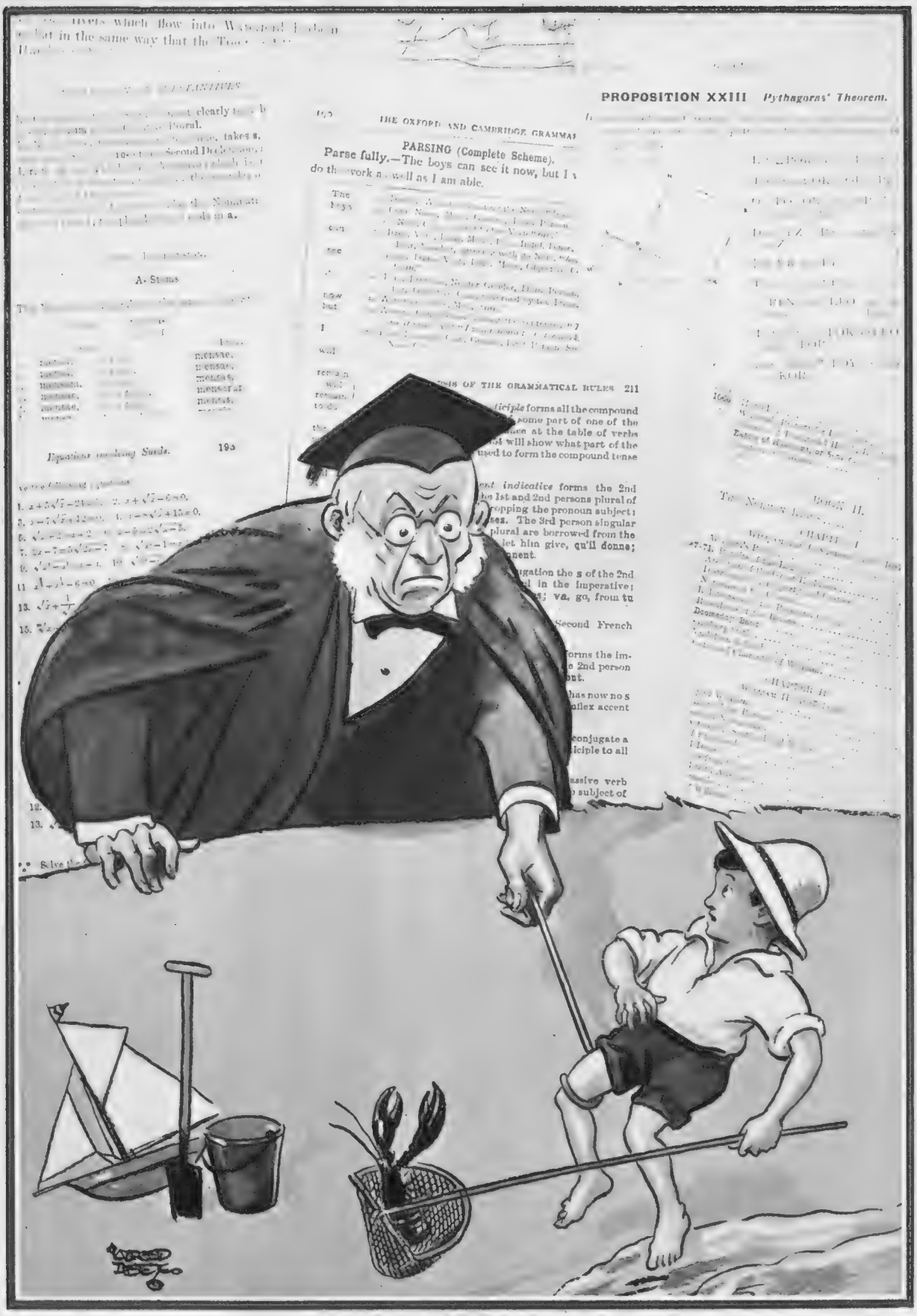
"POLITICAL prisoners at Vienna," says a news item, "revolted last night and destroyed furniture." We believe they objected to the "Cabinet" which prevented their release!

By J. ADAMS

BLIND WORKERS

"That's a fine sunblind you got, Ikey, must have cost you a lot of money"
"No, cost me nothing, my customers give me that"
"How's that?"
"Well, I have a box in my shop, 'contributions for the blind,' and there's the blind"

Back to School



BY ALFRED LEETE

"COME OFF THOSE YELLOW SANDS!"

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

Missing Link Spoils Grands-pères' Holidays

MES AMIS—

To all of the *grands-pères* has been carried the bad news on the eve of the *vacances*. It is sad to start thus the holidays for which had been made the prolonged preparations. All the hopes shall now have to be placed in the *Système Muller* to make burn the dying fires for the unanticipated interval of six months. For not until another *semestre* will there be available the monkeys. And without the monkeys, no glands. The supplies of the Professor Serge Voronoff have run out.

IT is terrible for the *grands-pères* that the stock comes to be exhausted just at the moment when is the chief demand of the year. The revival of the youth is, of course, needed for the wintertime. And as the holidays come immediately before the approach of the autumn, that is the most popular time for the operation. To prepare for the event the *grands-pères* train carefully according to the precepts of the French version of the Muller system. When the arrival of the *vacances* offers the time for the reception of the gland, and the leisure for the peaceful recovery from the operation, the *grands-pères* are in the pink of the condition. That has been, as usual, the position this year. And now have come the dreadful *informations* about the shortage of the monkeys. Even were the troubled *grands-pères* to go to Africa themselves to pursue the victims for the sacrifice, they would not be able to procure the glands to rejuvenate any earlier. There is not any way out of the difficulty.

THERE might have been the temporary means to turn this most awkward corner by the aid of the rams and the goats, but the whole of the stock has been worried to death by a pack of dogs which has succeeded to penetrate into the enclosure where the rams and the goats have been under the "cultivation."

SO there is not left any hope for the *grands-pères* except in themselves. They will have to fulfil, without to fail a single instant, the exercises which shall keep them in the vigour until the period *d'attente terrible* shall have expired. All the eyes of the elderlies will take up the watch on the calendar. It is not often that they have the affection for the month of March. But this time it is the most rosy-hued month of all the year. And in the interval they will have to sacrifice the indulgences which they have been able to risk when on the right side of the annual gland. There will be not a single late night at the Casino. It would be too dangerous. Early to bed must be the rule for the *grands-pères* until the *mois merveilleux* of March comes to the rescue.

"If the *grands-pères* go to Africa"

"Take up the watch on the calendar"

THERE have been many among them, to speak truthfully, who have decided that they have not been fit to take the long railway journey, which is compulsory to escape Paris and arrive to the coast. It is not merely that they have felt it could be too much a strain. They have also had the fear of the bandits. They have remembered how lonely and far away from everyone it does seem in an empty

(Continued on page 494)

Return of the Absent-Minded Lad—

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

—Who Could Not Get the Seaside Out of His Head

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Il y a encore de la place"

railway train compartment, and have thought what an easy victim would be an unrejuvenated *grand-père* for a bold young bandit.

But here they have made the mistake. For there has been a quite remarkable change in the manner to make the long railway trips across the countryside of France. I have noticed in the frequent journeys which I have had to make to Deauville—though that is but the short run of three hours and one half—it has been the matter for the great comment on the very long stretches. A new spirit has come upon the traveller. He has become gregarious. Always before it has been the desire to have the compartment utterly and completely for oneself. The exclusion of the intruder has been the *objet principal* all of the half-hour before the departure. Or, if one has been the late arrival, the awful task has been to discover among the *valises* which have been deposed upon the seats, whether they do not all belong to the elderly lady who is alone visible, whether, when she has said the compartment is *complet*, she is not a dissembler. But the elderly *dame seule* has ceased to dissemble any longer—unless it is in the amount of affection for the late arrival which she infuses into the smile of welcome.

"*Il y a encore de la place*," advances now the traveller in possession, before even the worried late-comer has had time to pose the question. Even if all the places are in fact occupied. There is a readiness to pack together which gives almost the embarrass to one who has endured the frigid receptions of *autrefois*. Against the one eventuality which there is the combination, is that there shall be a male *voyageur* in the corridor. So long as everyone is wedged between the *baggages* in the compartment it is felt that all is well. But a lone traveller in the corridor is a source of danger and the centre of suspicion.

But while the *grand-père* who has not been able to procure

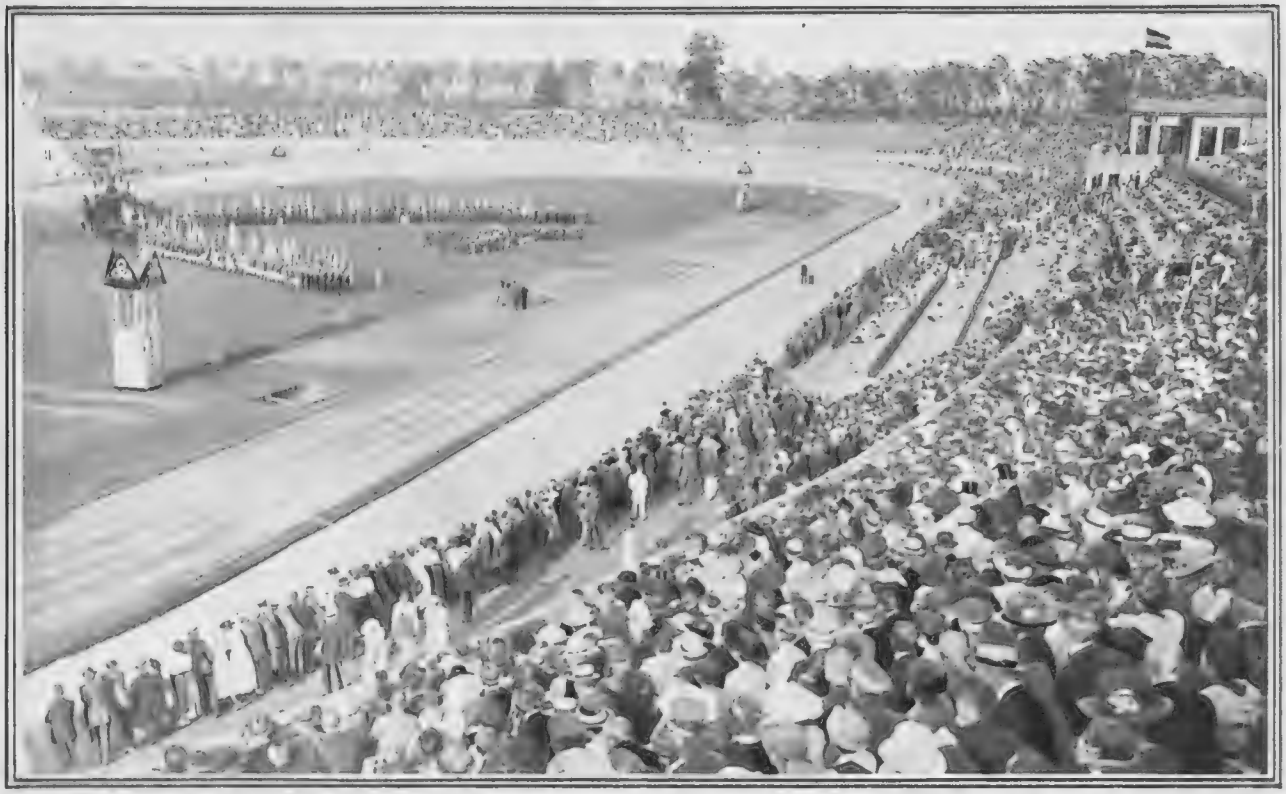
"A centre of suspicion"

the gland has not really had to worry about the terrors of the travel, he has had the cause for the acute regret in a most unexpected direction. I have met one who has had the most disquieting wish to have the borrowed strength of the good right arm to be able to hit hard a *jeune homme* who has outraged his sentiments—and lightened his pocket—by the impudent imposition of the new Montmartre trick. Not only has he had the impertinence to dance with the wife of the *grand-père* against his wishes, but he has inflicted the further insult to place a charge for this upon the *addition*. The *grand-père* has still fumed with the indignation when he has told to us about it.

You know, of course, how it is the habit of the *grands-pères* in Paris to have the young wives. Not perhaps always quite so young as they appear, but still the much younger than the *grand-père-husband*. And able to accomplish all the *soir* the "shimmy." Well, when an elegantly polished *jeune homme* has approached the lady, who has at this moment been forced to sit out through the fatigue of the *grand-père*, and has demanded if he might have the honour to dance with her, she has consented gladly, in despite of the frown of the *grand-père*. She has, *en effet*, had the sharp disappointment when the polished young elegant has re-escorted her to the *fauteuil* before the band has finished to play. But her wounded sentiment has been but a pin-prick compared with that of the angry *grand-père*, who, on immediately asking for the bill, has discovered the agonising item, "Dancer for Madame, twenty francs." How he has longed for the missing link-gland of the Professor Voronoff, to give him the force to vent his fury upon the frame of the dance-deceiver. But perhaps it is really better that he has been *hors de combat*. For thus one has been spared another *crime passionnel*.

ROLAND

In Peaceful Republican Germany!



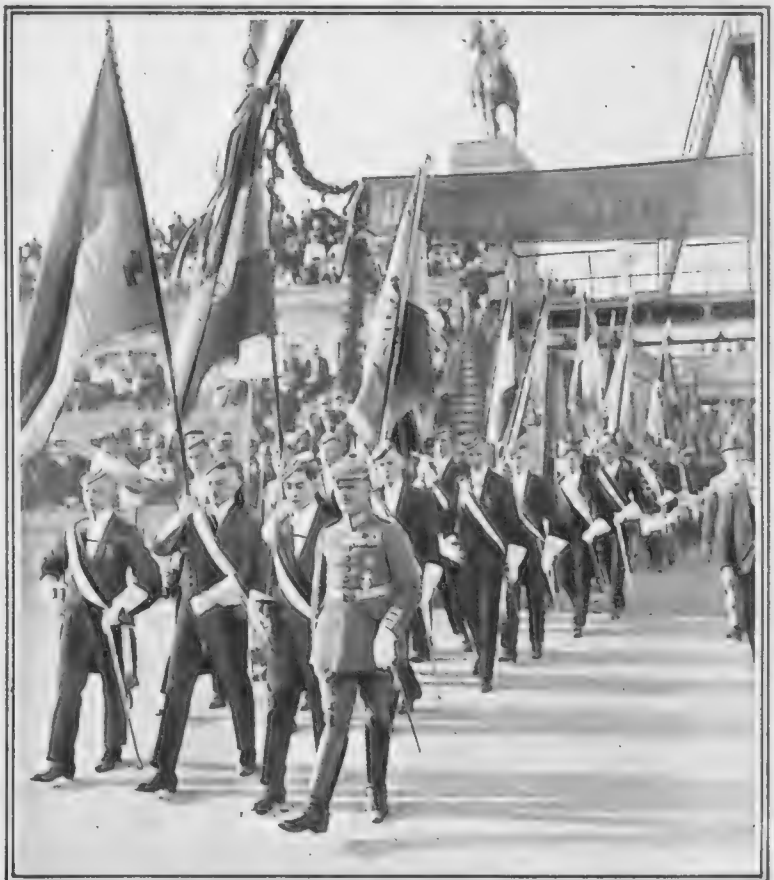
GERMAN EX-SERVICE MEN PARADE IN BERLIN'S STADIUM

Ostensibly to celebrate the memory of fallen comrades, ten thousand ex-officers, soldiers and sailors recently paraded in Berlin. Later the meeting assumed a very militarist and pro-monarchist aspect

Photographs

"WAR-LORDS"

Prince Eitel Friederich (left) and General Ludendorff watching the march past of the ex-soldiers and students' corps



Central News

GOOSE-STEPPING IN GAY UNIFORMS

One of the students' corps entering the Stadium, carrying brightly-coloured banners, and in many cases wearing gorgeous uniforms, to the accompaniment of bands playing military tunes. General von der Goltz made a speech urging the return of militarism and a monarchy

"Threads"

Photograph *Yevonde*

MISS FAITH CELLI

A portrait study of this charming little actress, who made such a big success in "The Blue Lagoon," and is now playing in "Threads," a clever comedy chosen by Mr. Lyn Harding on his first venture into theatrical management at the St. James's Theatre

The Trump Card

AT THE STRAND

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

I HAVE been told that it is a common experience of the card-player who has his wife for a partner that when he trumps a trick she will promptly put a bigger trump upon it, just to show her cleverness. Something of the kind happens in this play, which is the usual story of marital infidelity with one quite novel feature. The play itself has been "freely adapted" from the French by Mr. Arthur Wimperis, who has taken advantage of the opportunity to pack the dialogue with "Wimperisms"—that is to say, the pithy epigrams and witty retorts for which he is famous. In these the real humour of the play lies, since in this country for heroes we have not the liberty that French dramatists have of calling a spade by its family name. It is easy to guess that the recklessness of the French version must have made the various situations very funny. But with us the dead hand of the Censorship compels the home-grown dramatist to get his fun by tamer means, and it must be admitted that some of the fun is very tame indeed.

MR. PETER BASSETT, O.B.E. (!) has been married for two years only, but already he boasts of the system by which he is able to delude his trustful little wife in respect of love affairs that are, as they used to say overseas, surplus to establishment. He has a friend, Dr. Simpson, another young man who is also very susceptible to the allurements of the passing face—to go no further. But Mrs. Simpson is not quite so green and simple as Mrs. Bassett. She has read and studied the immortal work of Mrs. Bassett's father, Sir Temple Chambers, "Twenty Years in the Divorce Court," and she flatters herself that if her husband should show any signs of breaking away

(Continued on page 500)

ICARUS CO

(With apologies to Herb

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

OMES TO

Herbert Draper)

from the matrimonial yoke she can show him where he stands condemned by several pages of closely printed type that fit his case exactly. So that when Bassett boasts that his errors can never be found out because he has always a trump card to play, Simpson is not unreasonably curious to be let into the secret in case he himself should be tempted at any time to wander from the fold.

BASSETT, however, sticks to the copyright of his trump card for his own selfish ends, and the details of it are allowed to leak out naturally as the play proceeds. His idea is to set up the interesting and plausible theory that he has a "double" somewhere who is constantly being mistaken for him. And as the "double" is naturally a rather gay young man, Bassett is naturally anxious to take cover in time. So he writes anonymous letters to his wife, informing her that her husband, Peter Bassett, was seen to be lunching at a certain place on a certain day with a very strange lady. As on each of the specified occasions Mr. Bassett was actually dining with his wife elsewhere, Mrs. Bassett concludes that someone has, absurdly enough, mistaken the "double" for Peter himself. If, therefore, she should receive any more anonymous letters she will know just how much importance to attach to them. Bassett's sinful object is thus so far achieved.

BUT that is not the whole of the trump card. With a courage and determination worthy, perhaps, of a better and a nobler cause, to put it nicely, Bassett carries the war straight into the enemy's camp. He brushes his hair in a different way, and, assuming an ill-fitting suit of clothes and a pronounced German accent, calls at his own house and asks to see Mr. Bassett. He is, of course, at once taken to be himself, but his eloquence in broken English convinces his wife and her father, Sir Temple Chambers, that he is the "double" they have heard spoken of. He introduces himself as "Mr. Breitstein" (or some name like that), and everybody is at last convinced that he is not Mr. Bassett. That is, everybody except the wily Mrs. Simpson. Her wider reading and experience have enabled her to scent at once a variant of the average deceitful husband's ingenuity. She had rather flattered herself that she was up to every move on the board, but this is a new one for her, and she wants time to consider how to counter it.

AS a matter of fact, "Breitstein" is nearly bowled out in the first round—if I may mix my sporting metaphors to that extent. Sir Temple Chambers (Mr. Eric Lewis), being something of a linguist, embraces the opportunity to explain to the visitor in public school German that he has lost his umbrella. Apparently all the German that "Breitstein" can command is the familiar "*Verfluchter Schweinhund*" of Teutonic social intercourse. But he manages to worry through on that, and is safe for a time.

THEN the watchful and wary Mrs. Simpson, who is clearly resolved not to be baffled by a little problem like this, sows the seeds of doubt in Mrs. Bassett's mind. She asks the young wife whether her husband does not bear some kind of birth-mark that would readily

reveal his identity. Mrs. Bassett replies that it is true that her husband has such a birth-mark, but it is not so conveniently placed as to permit of its being readily investigated in mixed company, or words to that effect. And you can't very well ask a total stranger who is calling on you for the first time whether he has a beauty spot either here or there. So Bassett scores again.

THEN he comes, as it were, to another fence. "Breitstein" begs to be allowed to take his leave; but Mrs. Bassett protests that as he has called formally upon her husband, he really ought to see the thing through, especially as Mr. Bassett is expected home at any moment now. It is, however, obvious that Mr. Bassett cannot return home until "Breitstein" has left the premises. It is a sound theatrical law that when two characters are being played by the same actor they can never meet. Even Euclid himself would assent to that axiom. A further complication arises when "Breitstein" is suddenly crippled by an attack of cramp in the knee, a long-standing complaint from which he suffers periodically. It apparently does not strike the company as at all strange that the similarity between the two men should extend even to their occasional physical ailments. But the cramp delays "Breitstein's" departure, and as surely delays Bassett's return. At this stage the farce becomes a little extravagant. "Breitstein" is put to bed and his clothes are taken from him so that he may have the opportunity of creeping downstairs again in the only attire he has been able to commandeer in the emergency. It is mostly feminine in its character; and is a rather violent way of raising a laugh.

THE opening of the third act seems to be groping for a lead, as it were. Nothing much happens till the arrival of "The Great Carmen," effectively represented by Kyrle Bellew, who might have brightened things up considerably if she could have appeared earlier in the piece. Mr. Wimperis has apparently been handicapped by his ambition to write a typical French farce for the London stage. But the machinery for such an exploit does not exist here. We may go as far as to hint that a gay young man does not always come home to tea; but it is expected by the Censor that, an example of this sad misconduct having been given, the play will thereafter concern itself with the difficulties incurred by the delinquent in his effort to conceal his error which, of course, he truly and sincerely repents. In this play, as I understand it—and perspicuity is not its strong point—the sinful husband is merely trying to establish a fortified base for future operations.

MR. Jack Buchanan is very successful as the naughty Bassett, and Mr. John Deverell is the equally naughty Dr. Simpson in a nicely humorous way; while Miss Muriel Pope gets all the fun possible out of the part of the suspicious Mrs. Simpson. But I have seen livelier plays in my time.

JINGLE

Garrison Gossip

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

WE are all feeling very elated in these days. The air in the narrow streets of Old Cologne has lost its homely "Tube" flavour at last, whilst that of the modern boulevards is positively exhilarating. More important still, the air in Silesia is beginning to clear of its political thunderstorms, and since that long-suffering institution, the League of Nations, is to take over its problems, there is really a hope that the British Rhine Force will soon find itself an Army once again when its battalions return from Silesia.

WE were really getting rather tired of being the "best station, home or foreign," in the Service—without a garrison, of playing polo without spectators, and of the loveliest garrison scandals happening without a soul to tell them to. Of course, we've got our Navy—oh! and "The Commission." The latter, like the poor (very much like, as the wife of any regular soldier will tell you—perhaps), are always with us, and do their little best to provide us with topics of conversation; but with the best part of the garrison keeping the ring for Korfanty and General Höver things have certainly been dullish. Talking of Korfanty, our men's chief difficulty has been, according to the *Cologne Post*, to learn the badges of rank of his armies. Approximately, however, they seem to be "no socks or boots a full private; socks, but no boots, a corporal . . .; tunic and mufti trousers a subaltern; peak cap and sword a company commander. . . . Machine-gunners can, in most cases, be distinguished by a black bowler hat. General officers commanding usually arrive on parade in a carriage and pair. . . ."

"Stand back to back in the Hohestrasse"

ALTHOUGH unable to find much opportunity of talking garrison-scandal amongst ourselves about people who are not as much married as others think they ought to be, some of us seem to have been providing it for those who find us more married than they like. Particularly those good folk who, as Norman Angell says in that disturbing new book of his (which might be summed up as "I told you so—and I tell you so again"), "had grown accustomed to 10,000 Germans for breakfast every morning," are enraged. According to them every decent British soldier is disgusted to see some newly married—and newly English—women occupying Army billets—the said brand-new Britishers being, in fact, the odd hundred or so Rhinemaidens who have found that the temporary occupation by Mars has developed into permanent annexation by Cupid.

SEARCH for the alleged indignant decent British soldiers has revealed an odd hundred quite decent married Britishers, very indignant—with the would-be controllers of their affections. The latter are rather off the track—but if they had spoken of the "indignant female relatives," British and German, of the decent soldiers and their wives, they might have been nearer the mark. After all, those who were most clamorous in their appreciation of the way "our gallant boys" tackled the Hun in the trenches should not withhold it from them when they face the female of the species in the Fatherland—and have even the supreme courage to make her a prisoner for life. Virtue brings its own reward, and a German wife brings—well, the hundred odd British husbands in question are in process of finding out what.

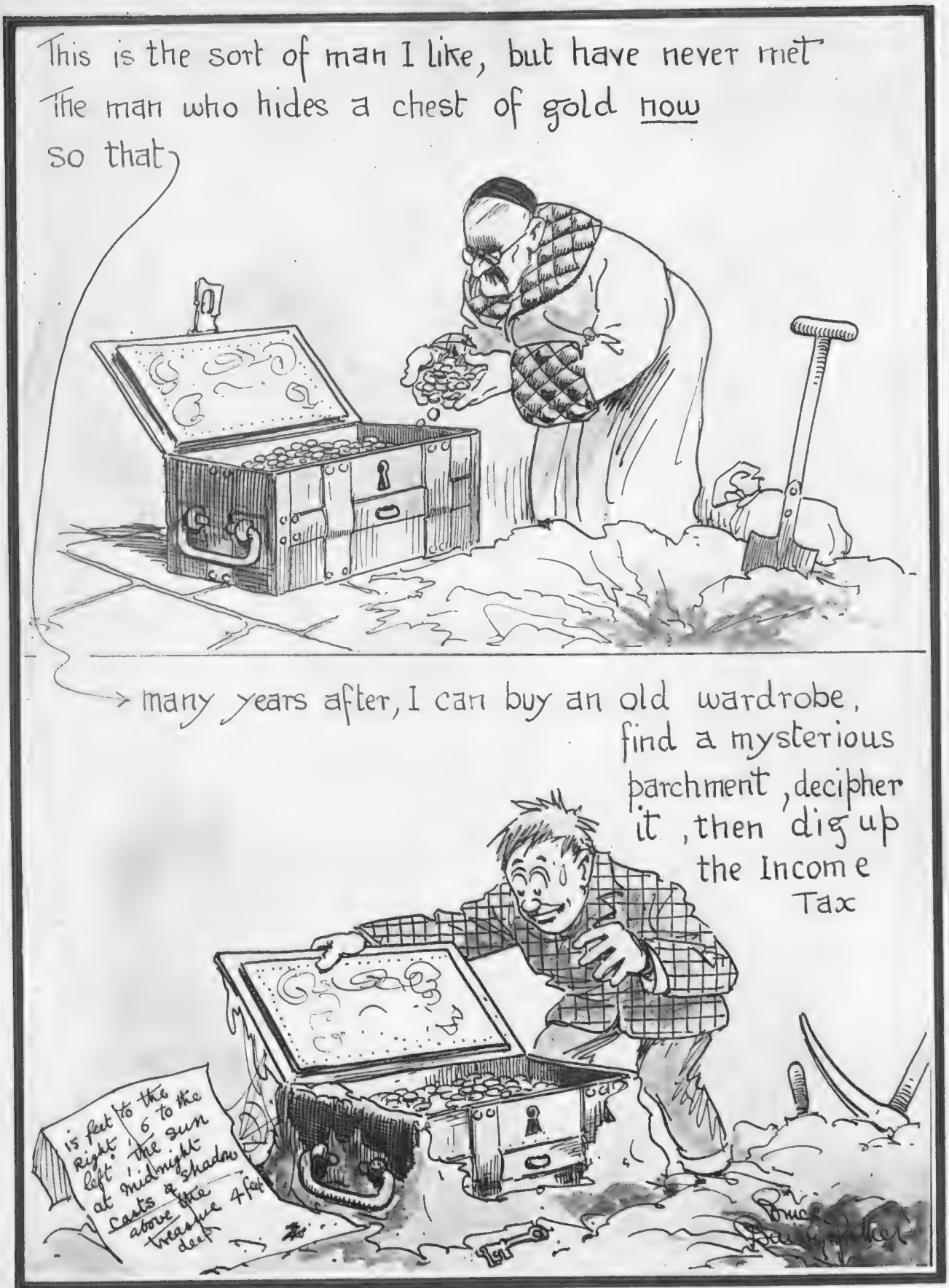
IN consequence of the obstinate determination of the Rhinelander to increase for us the costs of occupation by making huge dents in the bonnets of hurrying staff cars which disturb his mid-street somnolence, a determined effort is being made by British and German authorities to teach him traffic sense. No tourist should miss the spectacle of the successive pairs of Prussian policemen who, from eleven till one, stand back to back every two hundred yards in the Hohestrasse ordering foot passengers to the right.

ERIC GORDON

By H. L. Oakley

"The temporary occupation by Mars has developed into permanent annexation by Cupid"

Fiction Friends



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

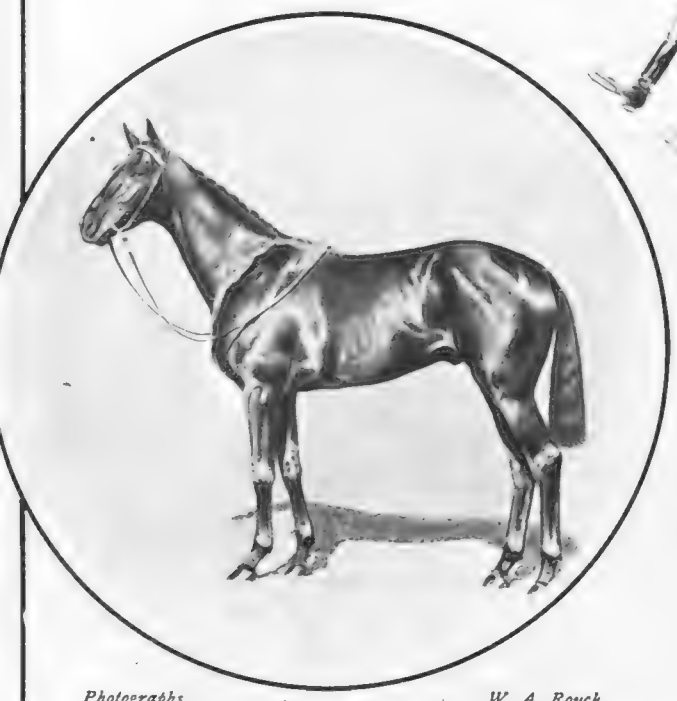
THE MONEY-SAVING MISER

ST. LEGER PROBABLES

MR. J. B. JOEL AND MORTON

FRANK BULLOCK WEIGHING OUT FOR CRAIG AN ERAN

SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH LOOKING AT "GOLDEN MYTH."



Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

THE FAVOURITE

Craig an Eran, a "certainty" for the Doncaster classic

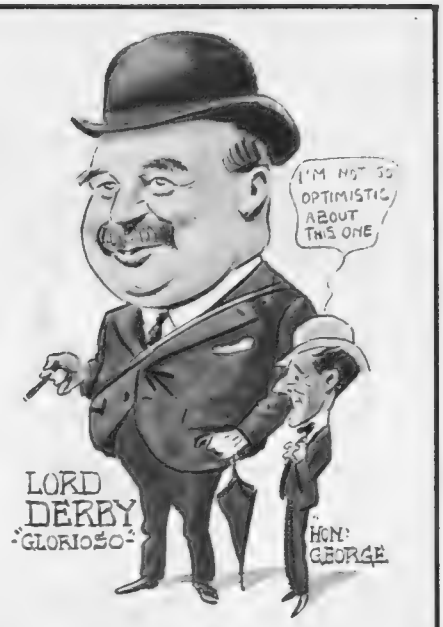
ON DONCASTER'S

TO-DAY, Wednesday, the greatest race of the North of England will attract the usual huge gathering to the Town Moor, where once again we shall hear the famous Yorkshire roar. Will it signal the victory of Craig an Eran, one of the strongest favourites for the race for many years? Lord Astor's colt is generally expected to make his amends this week for his defeat in the Derby, in which he was perhaps unlucky to have been beaten by Humorist.

So far as the St. Leger is concerned everything has favoured Craig an Eran up to the present.

"POLEMARCH"

Lord Londonderry's entry for the St. Leger, a very smart horse, who has done well lately



LORD GLANELY'S "WESTWARD HO!"

Who will have all his powers taxed to the limit to keep pace with Craig an Eran

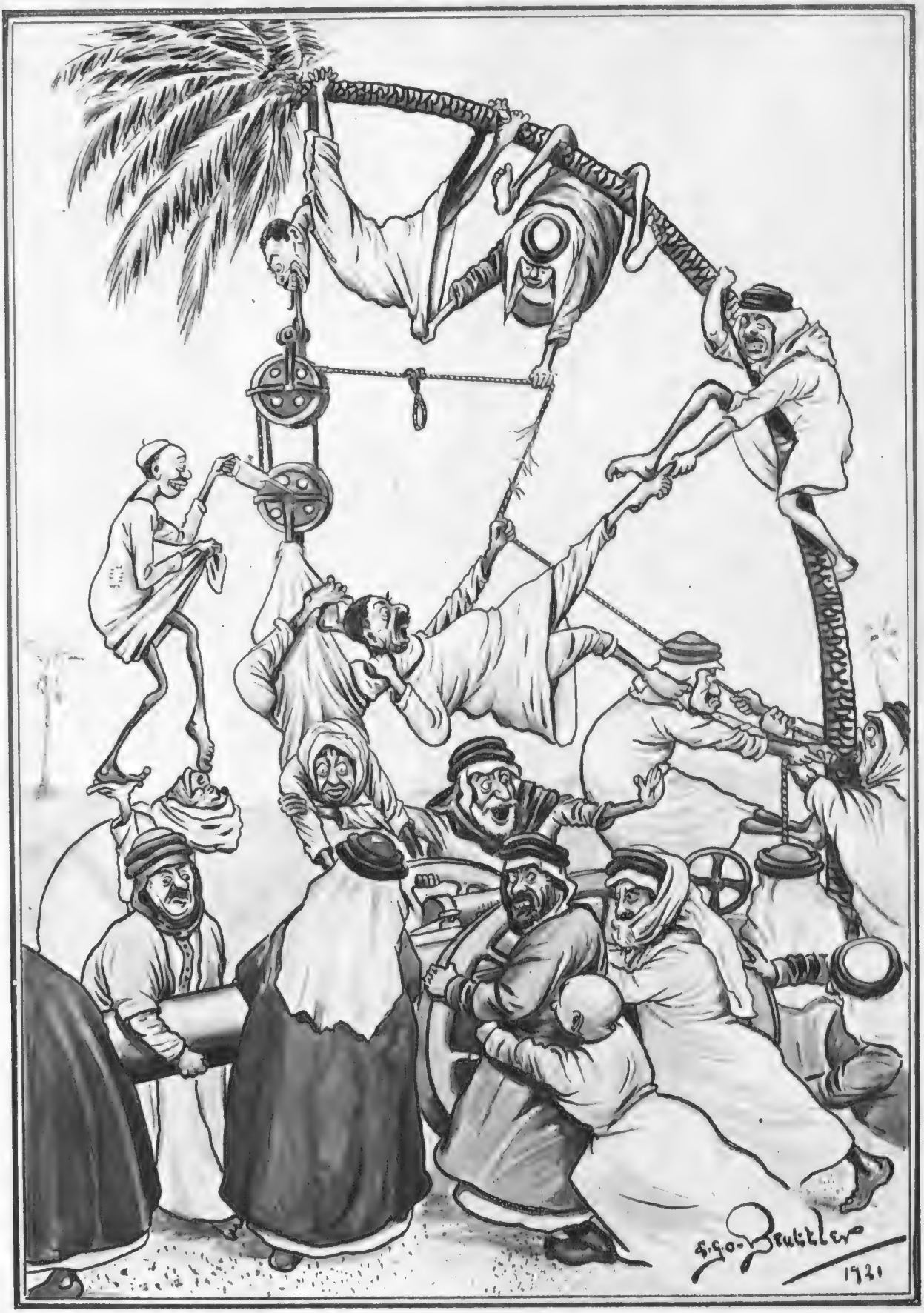
TOWN MOOR

Humorist is dead, while Lemonora and Alan Breck have both been removed from the race. There remain the following rivals: Lord Glanely's, Westward Ho! believed to have come on a lot lately; Lord Carnarvon's Franklin, a very useful colt, who is expected to stay the course; and Lord Londonderry's Polemarch, a rather erratic customer who will be well backed for a place. There will, of course, be other competitors, but "Carbine" declares unreservedly for Craig an Eran. He recommends Westward Ho! as the most likely "each way" investment.

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

Mespot Messes

[The Arabs and Bedouins are, we understand, getting to work with the war equipment we have left behind]



BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. IV.—ASSEMBLING A HEAVY GUN

POINT BLANK

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

THE burglar was a fool. As Cressel came upon him he uttered a half-yelp of fear, backed away, and pulled a gun.

"You keep back," he snarled in a choking voice. "If you try to touch me I'll—I'll get you."

Cressel, his desperate and embittered emotions of many months coming to a head in one of his black tempers, went straight at him.

The man yapped again, hesitated with his pistol hand, saw the swing of Cressel's stick, tried to stop it with a feeble left forearm, and went down staggering under the smash of the heavy silver knob.

Cressel—he was almost inhuman when roused—struck the prone man again and again. He heard another sound; panting, he listened, heard it again, and at once dropped his hand to the automatic pistol the now unconscious burglar had dropped.

The new sound came more distinctly; Cressel recognised it. His wife was coming down.

As his hand closed on grip and trigger the realisation that his wife was approaching struck him with a swift and over-mastering significance. She was coming down to him—*alone*. There was, obviously, nobody else stirring in the great house, his despatch of the burglar had been too quick and silent for that. His wife would confront the burglar — and himself — without witnesses. It was like her. A reckless thing to do, she might get killed—shot. But it was like her.

Everybody would agree that it was like her.

The heart in his breast suddenly seemed to get thick, and there was a roaring in his ears. If Vera died that way it would solve everything.

He could marry Decima Hullett without losing those luxuries—they meant so much to him—that Vera's money brought. . . . Her will was, he knew, in his favour. He would escape the calamity of the divorce which was bound to come soon. He could free himself from an encumbrance he loathed, without any destructive reactions upon himself.

It was so like her to rush upon a thief's gun; it would all be so swift, natural, and explicable.

He crouched, pistol up.

Vera came swiftly into the room, switching on the light.

"Who's there?" she cried, waving one of her Indian clubs. "Who's? . . . Hugo, you've got him. . . ." Her voice was not above a whisper, nobody could hear it. She moved toward him swiftly. He lifted his hand, sighted.

"Hugo!" she almost screamed. "Hugo. . . . Don't, it's me. . . ." She saw what was in his eyes, stopped, tried to turn. "Hugo . . . murderer . . . you mean to. . . ."

Cressel fired.

It was too close to miss. Vera screamed and fell, and her husband knew she was dead. He acted at once, his wits working unhesitantly.

He sprang to his feet, shouted "Murderer! Help! Help!" at the top of his voice. He stamped about the room, overthrowing chairs, a lamp, tearing a silk hanging from a couch . . . in the struggle. He fired the pistol once again, and then tossed it down beside the prone burglar, at the same time striking at the body again and again . . . thuds that must be heard. He fell himself with a crash (that was the burglar going down), rose nimbly, and then in dead silence walked towards the door. He tore at his tie and collar, crumpled his shirt-front, burst adrift his waistcoat as he did this.

The butler, coming fearfully in, met a man torn, and crumpled from a struggle, but doing his best to control himself.

"Burglars!" cried the butler.

"Ring . . . police and doctor," said Cressel in a thick choking voice. "No. . . . Doctor first. . . . Mrs. Cressel. . . . Oh, my God! That brute . . . that brute got her. . . . For God's sake hurry the doctor, Barker. . . . The burglar. . . . I've settled that murderer."

He sat down heavily on the couch. A footman came in and gave him brandy. He drank it and buried his face in his hands. They must see how overcome he was with the horror of it.

But all the time his brain was saying, "That's settled it. I've rid myself of that difficulty. It's all plain sailing now for Decima and me."

People moved about him with a sort of sympathetic bustle. They carried Vera's body to her room. A man came in, the doctor. He bent down and examined the burglar. Cressel started up.

"Not that brute," he snarled. "My wife first. . . . He shot at her. My wife, quick, man. . . ."

The doctor went out.

Other men came in, a policeman and an inspector. The butler talked softly to them; then they looked at the burglar. The inspector came over to Cressel, in a quiet and sympathetic voice he asked for facts.

"My wife?" said Cressel, thickly. "How is my wife?"

"The doctor is with her now, sir," said the Inspector. "We'll know presently. Now, sir, just tell me what happened."

"He shot her," said Cressel in a sudden well-manipulated blaze. "That dog shot her, point blank. . . . I saw him. . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the Inspector. "But before that, what happened?"

"He broke into the house . . . stealing," said Cressel. "I was there in my study, reading. I thought I heard my wife leave her room—over this you know. Didn't hear this brute myself. She came down stairs. I thought she was coming into me, she didn't, she came straight in here. I heard her call out sharply 'Who's there!' Then she flung the door wide, and dashed into the room . . . she was like that you know, reckless, impetuous. . . ."

"Yes, she was," said the butler.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"POINT BLANK" (*concluded*)

"I was already on my feet and making for the hall. I guessed there was something wrong. I snatched up that silver-headed stick as I crossed the hall. But the thing happened in a flash. I saw my wife running forward with that Indian club raised. I saw a man standing before her. Then she stopped and screamed my name, 'Hugo!' There was a flash and a report, and she fell down.

"I dashed straight at that man, catching hold of him before he could fire again. . . . I hadn't time to hit. We struggled. Then he broke away, and fired again, but he missed me. I struck at him. I struck him a number of times because I knew he wanted to kill me with that pistol . . . because I knew he had killed my poor wife. . . ."

"Your wife," said a voice behind, "is not dead."

Cressel spun round and saw the doctor standing in the door, looking at him steadily.

"Not dead!" cried Cressel. "Not dead!" With a great effort he gripped his wits and will together. "But—I saw him fire point blank at her."

"Yes, there are signs on her night-robe that verify that," said the doctor.

"And yet . . . not dead? How . . . ?"

"It was a blank cartridge," said the doctor. "She fainted under the shock."

The Inspector swiftly slipped the clip of shells from the pistol.

"Christopher!" he cried. "That's right. Every one is a blank. He only wanted to frighten, not kill."

Cressel felt himself reeling. He managed to stammer out. "Then Vera . . . my wife . . . is unhurt. . . ."

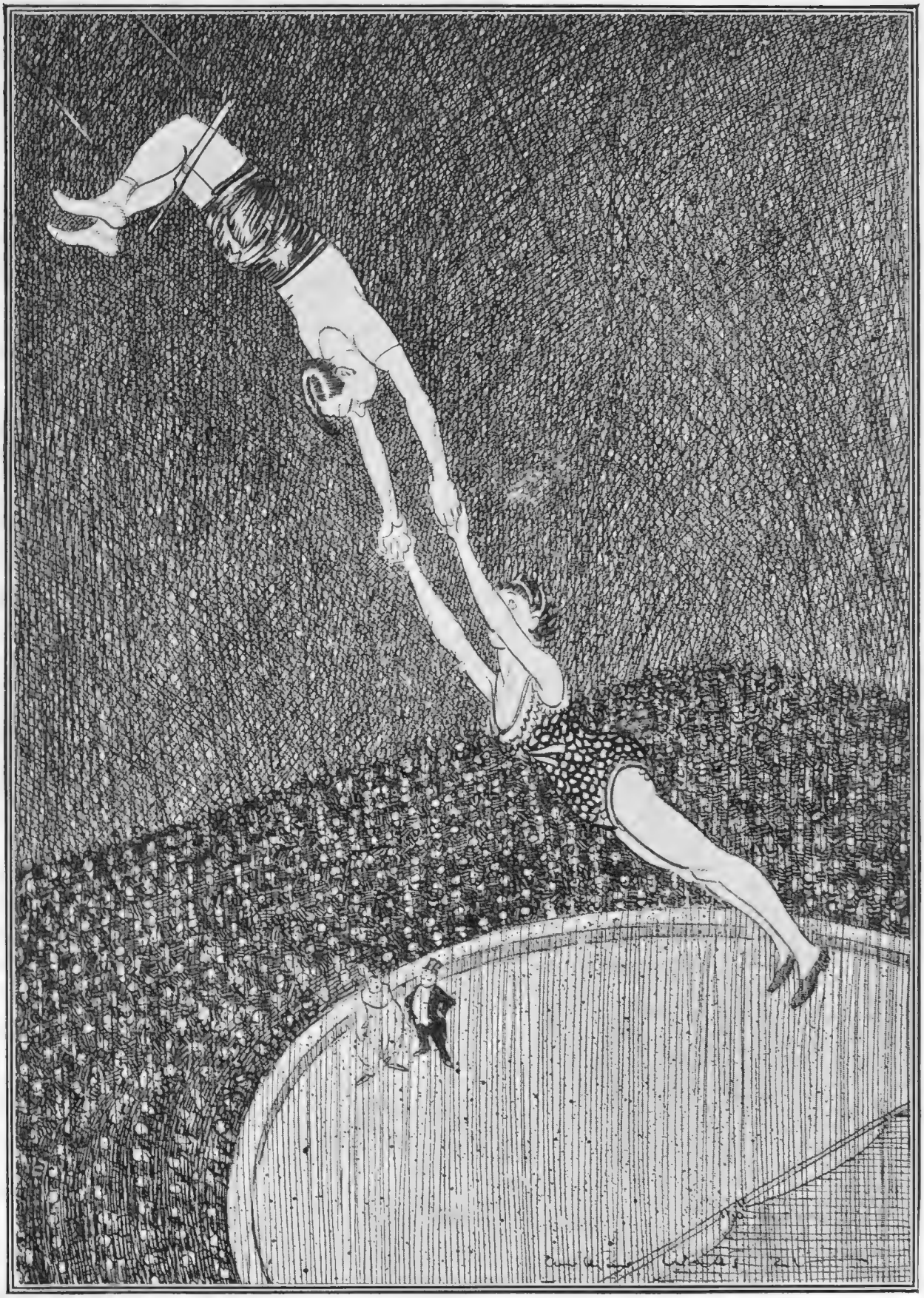
"*And* in her sound mind, Mr. Cressel. She wants to make a statement to you, Inspector, will you come." The doctor beckoned the policeman to guard the door, whispered to him before he went out. The policeman put his back to the door and stared at Cressel significantly, implacably. DOUGLAS NEWTON

Photograph *Clarence Ponting*

THE EVER-LOVELY THAMES

A beautiful reach near Pangbourne shaded by the majestic trees of Hartslock Woods

"Haddockrobatics"

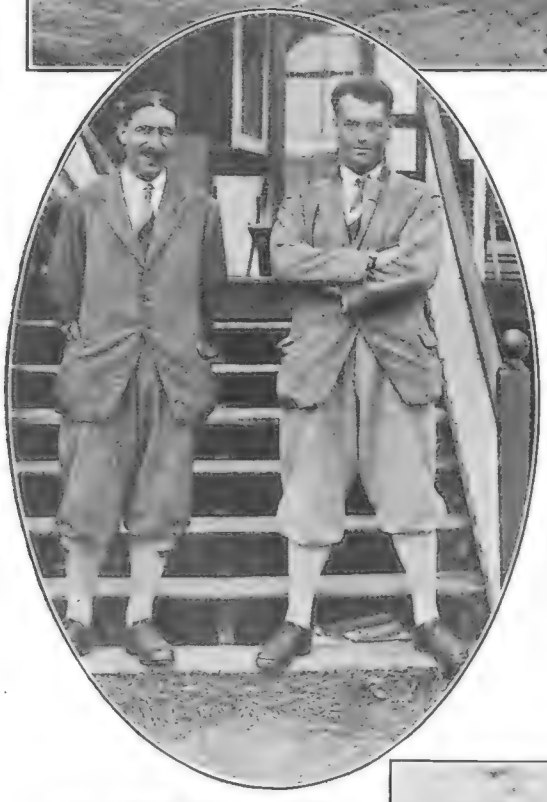


BY ARTHUR WATTS

SHE: "Don't forget to order that haddock as we go home to-night, dear"

ON THE LINKS OF THE ROYAL PORTHCAWL GOLF CLUB

Where the Open Championship of Wales was competed for last week for the first time. Our illustration shows the winner, C. J. H. Tolley, playing to the 9th hole



THE WELSH CHAMPIONSHIP FINALISTS

C. J. H. Tolley (right) and D. Brown, whom he beat in the final on Thursday last by 3 up and 2 to play, and thereby became first Open Champion of Wales

SPORTS & PASTIMES

CRICKET

One to MacLaren

IN last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER I expressed the opinion that in the selection of the teams for the Gentlemen *v.* Players and C. I. Thornton's XI *v.* The Australians at the Scarborough Festival much more might have been done to give some of our young players a chance of distinguishing themselves. When I wrote those notes the match at Eastbourne between the Australians and A. C. MacLaren's XI of English Amateurs had still to be played. Mr. MacLaren has all along been a steadfast upholder of the view that our young players should be encouraged more than they have been, and the Eastbourne match afforded him an opportunity of putting his theory to the test. Being of the same way of thinking as Mr. MacLaren, I was, therefore, doubly pleased when his team, with a large percentage of young amateurs in it, overcame the hitherto invincible Australians.

Photographs F. E. EYKEN *Sport and General*

The holder of the Diamond Sculls who has just won the National Sculling Championship of Holland. It will be recalled that in the final of the Diamonds at Henley his opponent, J. Beresford, waited while he disengaged himself from the booms with which he had collided, and lost the race

A Win on Merits

THE match was, of course, a remarkable one. To start with, the English team achieved the unenviable record of the smallest innings (43) scored against the Australians this season. And yet they won in the end by 28 runs. What is more, they won on their merits. It was the fine bowling of C. H. Gibson which mainly prevented the Australians from making the 196 which they wanted in their second innings, and which they might reasonably have been expected to get "on their heads." Gibson may, in fact, be said to have shared the chief honours of the match with the veteran G. A. Faulkner, whose batting—he made 153—and bowling were alike invaluable, M. Falcon, and Hubert Ashton. Falcon, who has been erroneously described as a veteran because he is seldom seen in first-class cricket nowadays, took eight wickets in Australia's two innings.

Fine Fielding

BUT a very important factor in the success of the English side was their fielding. This is where the Australians had so far completely overshadowed our men even in the Test matches; but at Eastbourne there was nothing to choose between the two sides, and it is noteworthy

that not a catch was missed by either from start to finish. The ground work, too, was equally sound and it was here, more particularly, that the value of the young and active cricketer, who can run like a hare and spring like a tiger, was emphasised.

The County Championship

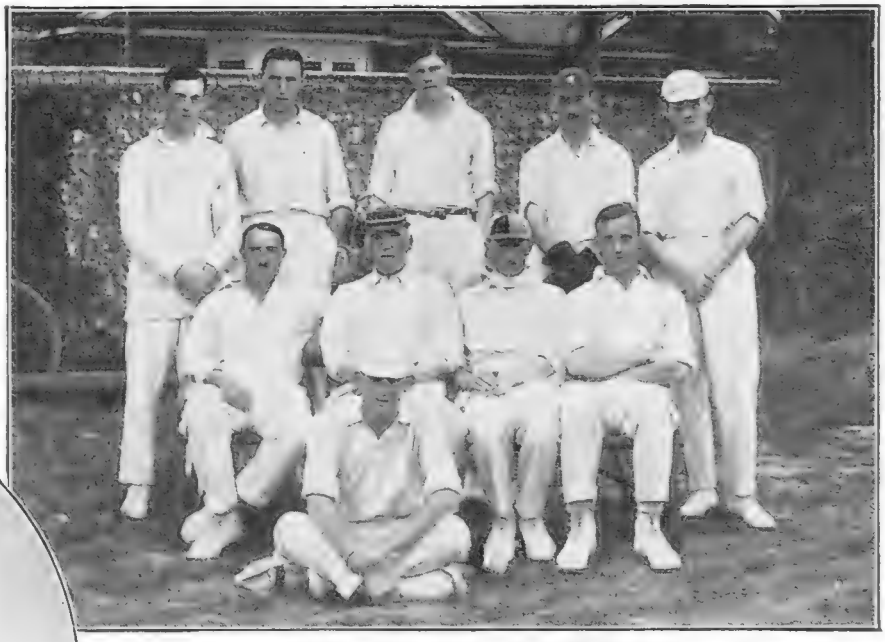
WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the method by which the positions of the counties in the County Championship are arrived at it has had the effect (as it did last year) of producing a stirring finish in the contest for first place, and an order of merit which presents no glaring anomalies. Last season the five leading counties were Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, and they are still the five best. Before the season was many weeks old it might have been foretold, without reference to their actual positions at the time, that one of them would win the Championship, and that none of them was likely to be placed lower than No. 5.

Photograph THE MIDDLESEX TEAM [*Sport and General*

Who have won the County Cricket Championship for the second year in succession. The issue was in doubt up to their last match against Surrey, whom they beat last week after a stirring finish. Back row (left to right): R. H. Twining, H. L. Dales, Hearne, Durston, A. R. Tanner, Lee. Front row: Hendren, N. Haig, F. T. Mann (Captain), Hon. C. N. Bruce, and Murrell

Where Middlesex Scored

LATER on the struggle for the headship became narrowed down to three, Middlesex, Surrey, and Yorkshire, and, finally, Middlesex, by their victory over Surrey on the Tuesday of last week, gained the Championship for the second year in succession. Their most bigoted supporters must admit that they were aided to some extent by luck, but they nevertheless deserved their victory if only because no other team showed a greater capacity for rising to the occasion and making a supreme effort when a supreme effort was needed. This was exemplified in their two last matches against Kent and Surrey.



Photograph TEN OF A. C. MACLAREN'S ELEVEN [*Topical Press*

By whom the Australians were beaten for the first time this season at Eastbourne last week by 28 runs. Back row (left to right): H. Ashton, C. H. Gibson, A. P. F. Chapman, G. E. C. Wood, G. Ashton. Seated: G. A. Faulkner, A. C. MacLaren (Captain), G. N. Foster, M. Falcon, and (on ground) C. T. Ashton. The remaining member of the team was W. Brearley

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE END OF THE YACHTING SEASON

Sir Walter Preston's "Nyama" (winner) and Mr. F. L. Carslake's "Maharanee" (second) in the handicap race for yachts not exceeding 30 tons at Dartmouth, where the last coastal regatta of the season was held. "Maharanee" finished first, but "Nyama" won on time

Yorkshire's Bad Luck

THE unlucky team, without any doubt, was Yorkshire. With better luck they would have been first, but the weather was their enemy. A thunderstorm robbed them of an almost certain victory over Surrey, and on at least two other occasions they would have won if the playing hours had not been curtailed by rain. They had better bowlers, and more of them, than any other county, and their batting was strong and practically tailless. If they had a fault it was that they needed time in which to make their runs, and were, consequently, not conspicuously good at playing against the clock. They were apt to use up too much time

in making their position secure at the beginning of a match and to find that they had not left themselves enough for the winning of it. In other words they were not as great a match-winning side, when it became a question of time, as Middlesex, or for the matter of that as Surrey, who, by the way, only beat them for second place by 3/100th of a point!

week, when *Britannia* did so extraordinarily well.

"Britannia" the Favourite

NOR is it too much to say that the King, to a great extent, "made" the season. As long as *Britannia* was in commission a state of enthusiasm prevailed over the racing among the big boats which has hardly ever been exceeded. But when *Britannia* was laid up after the last of the Solent regattas, and *Terpsichore* also gave up competing, the interest evaporated somewhat, although the duels between the two remaining boats, *White Heather* and *Nyria*, continued to afford plenty of sport. Nothing could quite make up for the absence of the favourite.

GOOGLIALITIES. BY A. A. MAILEY

WARWICK ARMSTRONG: "And to think that we only had three more matches to go!"

YACHTING

The Past Season

THE yachting season which ended, as far as coastal racing is concerned, with Dartmouth Regatta, has been a good one from many points of view, but not, perhaps, quite as good a one as was expected from the promising fashion in which it opened. The weather has been unusually favourable for sailing, for there has more often than not been plenty of wind, and sometimes there was almost too much of it—notably during Cowes

Success of the Small Classes

IN the classes below the big handicap class there was not much doing. Entries were few and in some cases races had to be cancelled for lack of them. It would appear that there are fewer yachts of 50 tons or thereabouts than there used to be or else that their owners do not care about racing them in handicaps. In the smaller "metre" and one-design classes on the other hand, from the six-metres downwards, there was great activity and any amount of good racing. Especially noticeable was enthusiasm shown over the International six-metre contests in which the English boats triumphed so signally over their American rivals. The contest has produced a class of fine, seaworthy, and very speedy little vessels which has undoubtedly come to stay.

Prohibitive Upkeep

THE truth of the matter is that in these days yachting on anything like a big scale is a very costly pastime indeed, and the heaviest item of expenditure is the pay of the crews and the various "extras" to which they are entitled when racing. Consequently, the maintenance throughout the season of a boat large enough to necessitate the employment of more than a few paid hands involves an outlay which takes some facing. Even those who can afford it are apt to think twice and to ask themselves "Is it good enough? Can I not get nearly as much enjoyment for far less money by running a smaller boat?"

What of the Future?

A WELL-KNOWN authority on yachting matters has stated in print that he does not believe that there will be any permanent revival of racing among boats of the larger types until yacht hands realise that they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and are willing to work for lower wages. Things, we may hope, will right themselves eventually, and in the meantime there is no need for despondency over the future of yachting. For after all there is just as much sport to be got out of racing small boats as bigger ones. The only difference is that they do not sail so fast or look so imposing. Another thing which is becoming increasingly apparent is that the average yachtsman prefers a race between small vessels, of approximately the same size and rig, sailing on level terms, to one in which a number of larger boats—cruisers, racers and ex-racers—of different sizes and rigs are lumped in one so-called "class" and "brought together" by means of a handicap. This, of course, does

(Continued on page 514)

"A Real Live Bank"

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not apply to the four fine cutters which have formed the big handicap class this season. They proved sufficiently evenly matched to make the handicap a matter of secondary importance. When *Britannia* led the fleet home, as she so often did, one was apt not to bother about the question whether she had won the first prize or not. It sufficed that she, by far the oldest boat of the four, had beaten the others on their merits after having had all her work cut out to do it.

The Squadron's Example

We may hope to see these four fine boats in commission again next season, but, however that may be, we may be certain that the future of the sport is amply safeguarded owing to the enthusiasm for it which prevails among owners in the smaller classes. The Royal Yacht Squadron has marched with the times by holding races at its annual regatta this season for the first time for the smaller fry, and we may be sure that other regattas which have hitherto specialised in races for the bigger vessels will soon come into line. Thus will they be giving encouragement in the quarter where it is most likely to be appreciated and to yield satisfactory results.

Photograph "HUSKY" *L. N. A.*

With his owner, Sir George Beaumont, in the saddle being led in by Mrs. O. Bell, the wife of his trainer, after winning his match at Derby last week with Mr. J. C. Galstaun's "King Sol." The betting was 9 to 4 on "King Sol"

LAWN TENNIS

Another Disappointment

It would appear that the state of Mlle. Lenglen's health still gives cause for anxiety. After her breakdown while playing Mrs. Mallory in the second round of the Ladies' Championship of America she seems to have recovered sufficiently to justify her in undertaking to appear in an exhibition match at Newport, Rhode Island, on Wednesday last in aid of the fund for devastated France, her opponent being one of the two or three next best players in America after Mrs. Mallory. But on the day before the match she wired to say that she was ill and unable to fulfil the engagement—to the great disappointment of those who wished to see her play, and more particularly of those who had been wise (or foolish) enough to secure reserved seats. Now that this second *contretemps* has happened I shall not be surprised if she plays no more in Singles in America, but confines her attention to Mixed Doubles. H. S. S.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Gulls

WORK.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

It would be a pleasant idyll if we could lie in the sun all day whilst luscious fruit dropped into our mouths, and beautiful dwelling places erected themselves for us by the touch of a wand.

Yet, strangely enough, to a certain extent this delusion exists in England to-day. For the impression seems to hold that the good things, and the necessities of life will eventually fall like manna from the clouds. And all that is needed is to maintain a spirit of inertia until these phenomena appear.

But the millennium so speciously promised by our politicians, which is the foundation of this strange belief, is fast disappearing behind a gloomy horizon. And with it must disappear the prevailing policy of giving the minimum of work for the maximum of pay.

It is this policy of offering a minimum and extracting a maximum which is the gnawing cancer in the breast of England. It is not only immoral, it is destructive and unsound. Nor is it fair to blame labour for having adopted these false principles, when before their eyes is the example of a Government which extracts the last farthing in excessive taxation and squanders the proceeds on the most ineffective, incompetent, extravagant, lazy, profligate and parasitical Bureaucracy the world has ever seen. A pitiful minimum in return for a cruel maximum.

So between the pincers of labour and taxation the life-blood of industry is being squeezed dry.

If this country is to be saved from the bankruptcy which threatens Europe, we must all work and work hard, whether we like it or not. England must be a home for Trojans, not for Neros.

There must be no more false promises, and unless a ruthless economy is practised we must present our Ministers with portmanteaux instead of portfolios. The world may still appear roseate viewed from the Chequers, but it has a very different aspect in the Exchequers.

* * * * * * * *

The House of Pope and Bradley is at least original in offering the maximum for the minimum. Its policy is to eschew profits this year and to maintain production and create the asset of good-will. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Page 4 from Evelyn's Diary.

"Bettys party was luvly. We had a fine tea with cokernut cakes and chocolit ones and Margaret spilt some jelly on her new frock. We had some luvly games which I hadnt played befor but the last was the best. It was called tasting. We sat with our eyes shut and Bettys mother popped sumthing in our mouths and we had to guess what it was. It was delishus. Some didnt know what it was but they will the nex time. John sed custard and Margaret sed ice-creem. I just sed Birds and I got the prise."

Bird's Custard

is told by its taste because "it is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

Children would indeed like every day to be a Bird's Custard day; but, for a party, mothers well know there must be a *special* Bird's Custard day. Success is then assured, because nothing graces the table like Bird's, and nothing is easier to make or such good value for money.

Bird's Custard is always most delicious, whether it be served alone in dainty Custard cups, or from a big glass dish with stewed fruit, pineapple chunks, tinned apricots or peaches.

Bird's Custard also makes a most lovely trifle, quite inexpensive; try it also poured over Swiss Roll or Jam Sandwich (you can make these ever so easily with Bird's Spongie). And here is another great treat,—just freeze Bird's Custard into ice-cream! It is simply no trouble, only do not forget to double the usual quantity of sugar. No ice is nicer than a Bird's Custard ice, and none so wholesome.

C49a

RACING NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The St. Leger

Is the great race of the North destined to fall a bit flat this week? At the time of writing we look like having a smaller field than usual. The situation appears to be dominated by Craig an Eran. His admirers will not hear of the possibility of his defeat, and according to them it is merely a question of what will be second and third. I rank myself among the Craig an Eranites. You may remember that he was my confident selection for the Derby, and the fact that he was beaten by Humorist did not shake my belief in him as the best three-year-old in training. Craig an Eran encountered most of the bad luck that was going that day, and though Mr. J. B. Joel completely differs from me I shall always regard Lord Astor's colt as distinctly unfortunate not to be included in the list of Derby winners.

Craig an Eran

SINCE the Derby Craig an Eran has continued to improve. We had a glimpse of him at Ascot and another at Sandown Park. Each time he did that which was required of him in supremely stylish fashion. That he is an exceptionally high-class colt, worthy of his near relationship to Sceptre, cannot for a moment be doubted. If you want to back him on Wednesday you will have to lay odds on him, possibly as much as 5 to 2. In these circumstances many will be content to look on without a bet, but it will at least be agreeable to see such a good colt in the last of the classic races, and sporting Yorkshiremen will cheer him whether they have backed him or not.

A Possible Danger

YET there is at least one man who declines to regard the St. Leger as a one-horse race. Lord Glanely is his name. His firm belief is that Westward Ho will not only put up a great struggle against the favourite, but has a reasonably good chance of beating him. When Westward Ho ran in the Derby it was obvious that he was backward and possessed great scope for improvement. So I thought it worth while to back him "each way" for the St. Leger at "forties" and "tens." I happened to mention this bet some time ago to Lord Glanely. When his colt won at York he came to me and said, rather jubilantly, "How about your 40 to 1 now!" Lord Glanely assures me I have a good bet. Well, we shall see. For my part I do not expect to land the big end of it, but I shall be disappointed if Westward Ho does not run into a place.

Lord Glanely's Confidence

WHAT a triumph it will be for his owner if Westward Ho does manage to do the trick, for at last the big three-year-old is beginning to justify his owner's confidence and judgment. When a young horse like this starts to improve you can never tell where he is going to stop. If we are to have a surprise on the Town Moor on Wednesday Westward Ho will provide it.

Thunderer

WHAT of the other likely competitors? For many weeks Thunderer was a big tip. It would be typical of Mr. J. B. Joel's good fortune on the Turf if the loss of one classic winner in Humorist were to be followed by the development of another three-year-old of equal excellence. You will remember the discussion which raged last season as to whether Thunderer was better than Humorist. We are bound, therefore, to receive the stories of Thunderer's recent progress with considerable respect, but the latest reports concerning Mr. Joel's colt are not so favourable.

Other Outsiders

FRANKLIN carries the hopes of Lord Carnarvon and of that sound judge, Mr. R. C. Dawson. It is a little surprising that a son of a non-stayer like Volta should be thought to have a chance of winning the St. Leger, but it must be confessed that Franklin has clearly demonstrated that he possesses stamina. I may be wrong, but I have never reckoned him as a colt of classic quality. Indeed, I prefer Polemarch to Lord Carnarvon's colt. True, Polemarch did not shine at York, but that was a muddling sort of race, and I do not attach vast importance to the result. I look to him to give a better account of himself in the St. Leger, but neither he nor any of the others, I imagine, will seriously trouble **Craig an Eran.** Westward Ho, still rather an unknown quantity, seems to afford the only possible danger to the favourite.

SIR JOHN ROBINSON By "THE TOUT"

A caricature of the veteran owner and breeder, who is such a well-known figure in the paddock and sale ring at Doncaster, where his yearlings invariably fetch high prices

More Selections

I SUGGEST **Bucks** as a likely winner on Wednesday for the Rufford Abbey Handicap, a race which may have some bearing on Cesarewitch prospects. In spite of his Goodwood failure I shall stick to **Orby's Pride** for the Portland Handicap on Thursday, and I fancy **Braishfield** for the Alexandra Handicap on the same day. The Doncaster Cup should be a good thing for **Blue Dun,** and the Prince of Wales's Nursery is likely to suit **Stratford.**

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"Always Imitated—Never Equalled."

The Sporting Life.

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's rules are eminently just and fair, and not once in the course of many years have we had a single justifiable complaint against him or his methods of business."

PALL MALL GAZETTE

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"I strongly recommend my readers to entrust their future business with the exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable Turf Agency conducted by Mr. Douglas Stuart."

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"Douglas Stuart has stood the test of time and of honesty. He can still proudly point to an old 'Sporting Times' testimony that 'Duggie Never Owes'."

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE young woman of to-day is coming into her own. That is to say, she is either being soundly trounced as a badly mannered, inclined-to-be-neurotic, stupidly dressed, artificial creature who ought to go back to school to learn how to live, or she is being worshipped as the Goddess of Common-sense, who at long last has summed up courage to tell her old-fashioned parents that she is well able to take care of herself (and them) without their silly rules and regulations. In any case, the young woman of to-day seems to know a very great deal. I am wondering what most people would say could they meet Miss Pixie Maltravers, the heroine of Rose Allatini's new novel, *When I Was a Queen in Babylon* (Mills and Boon: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Pixie is an unusual person: you see, she has genius, which means doing things, not because you want to, but because you must.

HER parents were not chosen with true Maeterlinckian care. Her father is an undistinguished gentleman in a cathedral city separated—and no wonder!—from her mother, Sylvia Penrose, the actress. Pixie's dormant genius cannot stand that cathedral city; unfortunately she is not a success on the stage. What to do? The situation is complicated by the fact that that genius of hers has a nasty habit of coming too near to the madness with which, so the poets have repeatedly told us, it is so closely allied. The mother, to whom Pixie goes, has soon had enough of the daughter. Mr. Maltravers is wired for. And then learned doctors are called in to prescribe. Pixie is psycho-analysed without success. Under Dr. Stephen Davenport, however, her genius is properly guided, and no longer is she in danger of being shut up. Dr. Stephen is a delightful person, and you are not surprised to find that Pixie falls in love with him.

MISS ALLATINI, however, is far too cunning a writer to leave her heroine to live happily ever after. Genius, like insanity, does not follow cut-and-dried lines. And so you have a different ending; obviously the artistic ending. There may be critics who will complain of the uncomfortability of this book, but at the back of things there is that leaven of high purpose which should cause them to pause. The last sentence in the book should give them the clue. Miss Allatini writes, moreover, with inside knowledge. Her scenes of a second-rate theatredom are admirably done. So are the medical scenes. And for all her peculiarities you come to understand Miss Pixie herself well enough. It is an intriguing book with a title which exactly fits it.

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S new novel, *The Foundress* (Long: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), is disappointing in spite of an elderly hero who possesses all sorts of lovable qualities, and in spite of a heroine who, in the modern way, prefers to find out things for herself. Hubert Brocas, an English squire, goes to America, to look after Lois, a cousin, whom he brings back to England as his ward. They marry. It is an admirable marriage. Unfortunately Mr. Brocas has heart trouble and dies at the wrong moment, and quite unexpectedly his wife starts a new sort of religion. Mr. Ayscough's people are generally so real that it is curious to find him wasting his time over so machine-made a villain as the Honourable Percival Chevronel. Moreover, the melodramatic ending hardly belongs to the rest of the book. You read on, it is true, with some interest, but with a lessening satisfaction, and I decline to believe that the Honourable Percival could have caused such a rumpus. R. S.

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P.118

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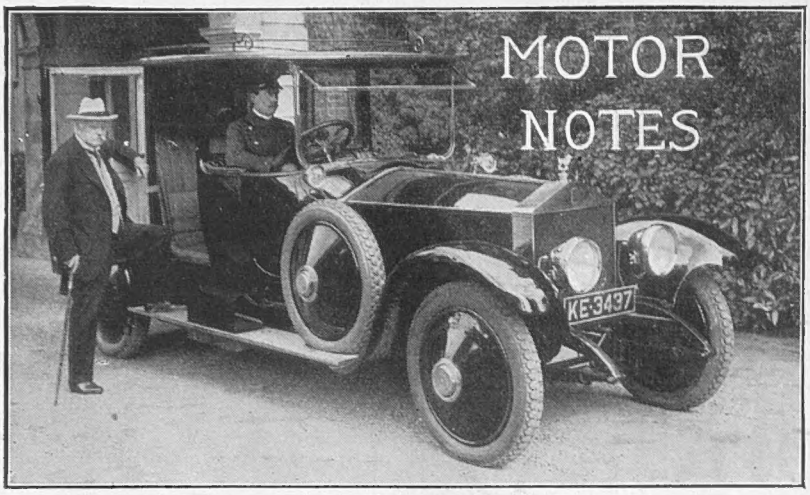
MOTOR NOTES



SIR PHILIP WATERLOW, BART.

About to set out in his new Rolls-Royce car—the firm's latest model with limousine coachwork

On Saturday next the Midland Automobile Club hold their annual hill climb at Shelsley Walsh, near Worcester, at which everybody in the sporting motoring world will put in an appearance, either as a spectator or a competitor for one or more of the numerous prizes in this classic motor contest. Last year a thunderstorm, accompanied with a deluge of rain, somewhat added to the trials of the cars and the company assembled on the hillside, but this year let us hope the atmospheric conditions will allow the fair sex to discard waterproofs for sunshades. It is quite one of the most popular gatherings each motoring season, and especially with the ladies, as the venue of this private mountain road of the Court Farm lends itself to a picnic in one of the fairest spots in England. Mem.: they also grow hops in this district, and the home brew is excellent, in fact one of the "star" turns, or should I say draws?

* * *

I wonder how the motor omnibus, or rather, saloon, at present making a round tour of England is getting on. The Laffly saloon bus, with its arm-chair seats, started from the Victoria Hotel last Monday to proceed to Northampton for that night, and then on to Sheffield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Southampton, Brighton, Folkestone, Maidstone, and returning to London again on September 18 after fourteen days of road travel on giant pneumatics. It looked a merry party when they left town, and well protected from inclement weather should it endeavour to spoil the outlook. Whether folks really care to cover quite so much ground on these tours leaves me in doubt as it does not give much time to examine points of interest on the route. At the same time the comfort of these Pullman-type of motor coaches prevents the fatigue one might expect on such long runs.

* * *

This week is full of events interesting to motorists as, besides those already referred to, Italy is running its Grand Prix meeting at Brescia, where both big and little cars are racing on what is, I think, the best road racing circuit in Europe. There is also an aviation meeting in conjunction with the car races, but flying contests are seldom an exciting affair to watch, though sporting enough for those actually taking part in them. But aviation is in need of great enthusiasm to carry it successfully over the stiles of commercial doubt which hem it in the aerodrome in place of letting it roam the world at large—at a profit. It is this question of profit,

(*Continued on page 522*)

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make an irresistible appeal to the lover of a fine sweetmeat. Try just a half-pound box, and compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres (hard or soft—in a hundred varieties to suit your taste), and you will understand the reason why they achieved instantaneous popularity. With those who know, Maison Lyons Chocolates are first choice. Sold in the Salons at the Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, and Lyons' Teashops.

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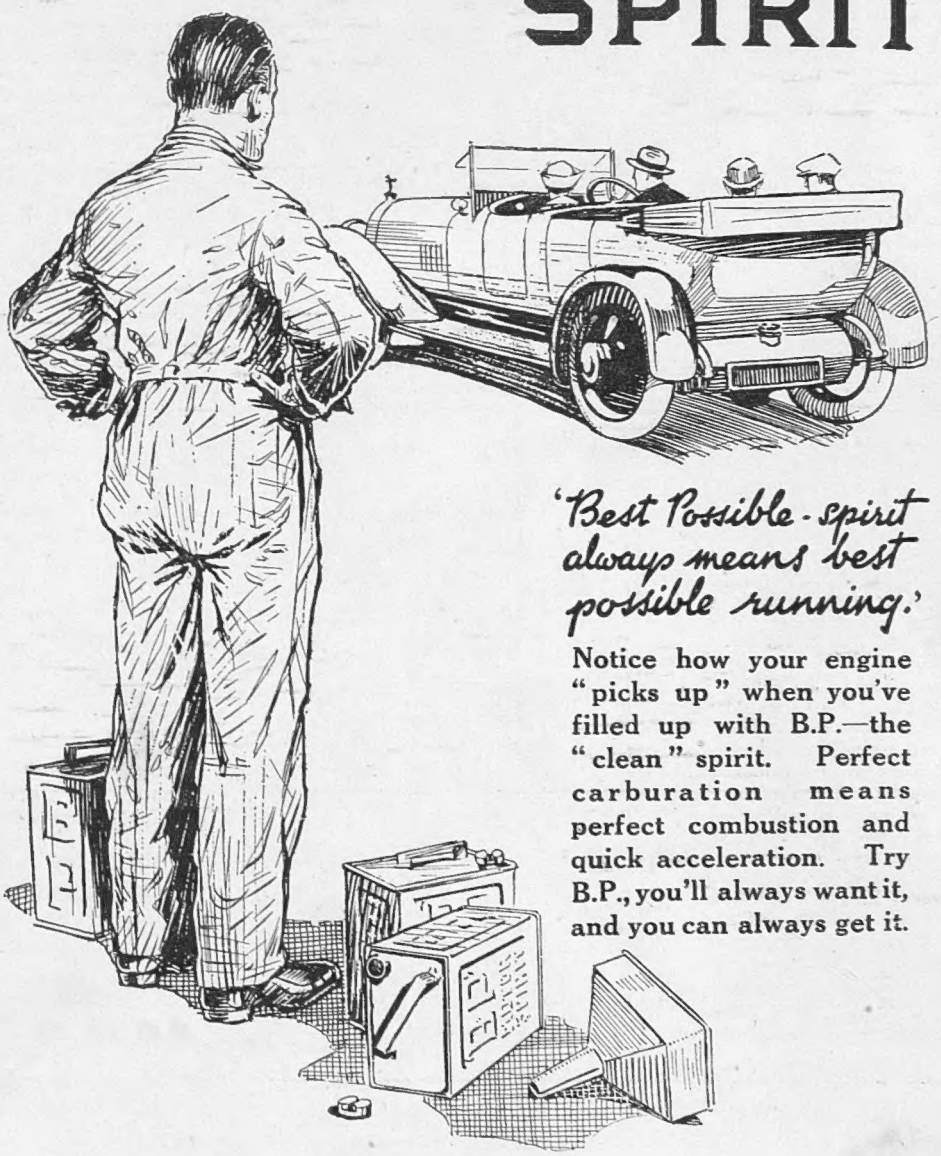

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Notice how your engine "picks up" when you've filled up with B.P.—the "clean" spirit. Perfect carburation means perfect combustion and quick acceleration. Try B.P., you'll always want it, and you can always get it.

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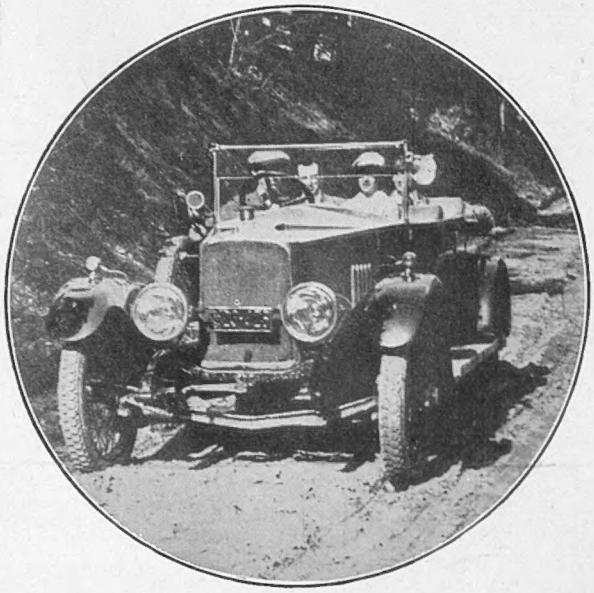
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

worse luck! that is the stumbling block of the present apathy, which, now poor dear old Maitland is, alas! no more, has lost a fervid believer in its commercial future. Owners tell me that race-horses don't pay, yet they still run them. I wish some of these philanthropists of the Turf would run aeroplanes and airships on the same lines as they do the gees-gees, or perhaps as the sportsmen ran the four-horsed coaches before the War would be the better simile. I am quite sure if someone left me £100,000 a year I would certainly try to run an air route as a sporting proposition, and try and keep my airway like the "Comet" kept its road.

* * *

Now the Alpine reliability trials no longer are run by the Austrians, I note that the Rolls-Royce has done a tour of this description all on its own. High mountain roads being mere hummocks to the modern car, it recently climbed over forty-seven different passes in the Dolomites and the French, Swiss, and Italian Alps to take the edge off its soaring appetite. Its itinerary included the highest road in Europe—the Stelvio, 9,041 feet above the sea-level—and the Grand St. Bernard (8,110 feet), which has only recently been thrown open to motor-cars. But though the surfaces were awful in some places, turns abrupt, and descents acute, no difficulty was experienced by the amateur driver in successfully negotiating the road difficulties owing to the qualities of the Rolls-Royce, with its sturdy brakes, wide lock, and excellent suspension. So comfort reigned supreme, though it did take nearly twelve hours to cover twenty-nine miles of ascent and descent in a war-torn pass of Italy, though to make up for this delay the car bumped along at seventy-seven miles an hour in France for hours at a time—well, that's what the driver told me. Anyway, I am glad our one and only Rolls finished this 3,150 miles of Alpine touring in perfect mechanical condition, as we should hate to think our class car could be beaten by any sort of road hazards, though it carried over two and a half tons on its wheels on this holiday journey.



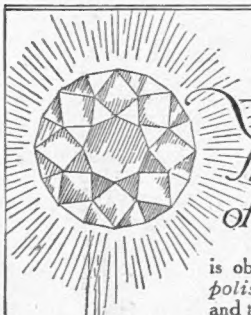
MOTORING IN CANADA

A 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington car nearing Lake Simcox on its way from Toronto

* * *

Motorists who are also golfers will have to choose between the cycle-car and light car races at Le Mans on September 17 and 18 and the Automobile Golfing Society's autumn meeting, by kind permission of the Coventry Golf Club, at their links on September 17 also. There is a bogey competition for the "Press" trophy in the morning and a foursomes medal-round for prizes in the afternoon, to say nothing of the dinner in the evening and the general gathering at the Manor House Hotel at Leamington, where the members not living in the district will stop at. I expect the juniors will have to do the racing at Le Mans while the seniors try their luck on the Finham links if I am anything of a prophet.

OLD HY.



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